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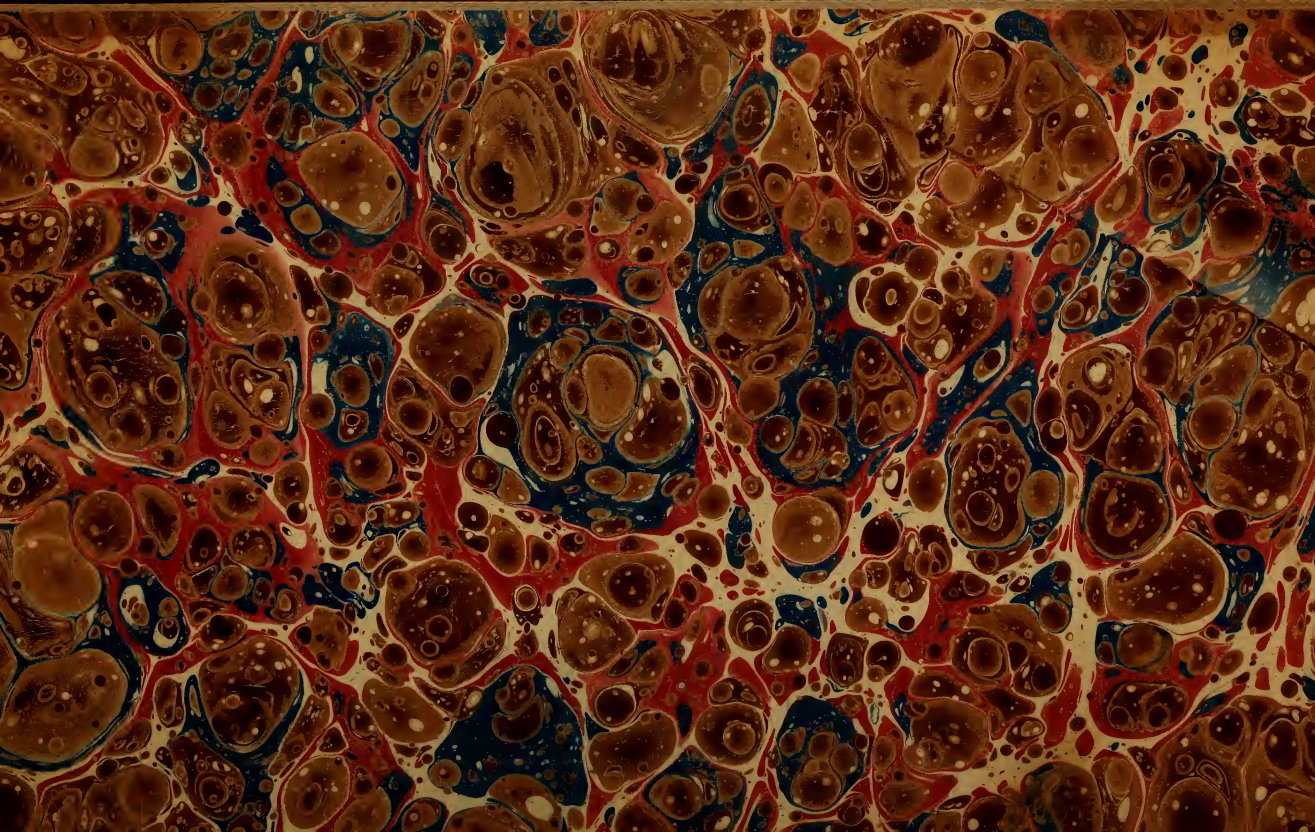

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER,

THE CLAIRVOYANT;

BEING A

History of Spiritual Development

AND

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL CURES PERFORMED THROUGH HER AGENCY.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN. Mc Dougall

"Goodness is only greatness; in itself
It rests not on externals, nor its worth
Derives from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf,
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;
It lays its deep foundations in the soul,
And piles a tower of virtues to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle, majestic, roll
The clouds of GLORY, starred with angel-eyes."

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By FRANCES H. GREEN,

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THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

To the Diseased and Suffering;

MAY IT GO FORTH

As a Herald of Glad Tidings,

TO PROCLAIM

That Angels stir the Waters

IN WHICH

The Sick are Healed.

PREFACE.

It is a general custom with writers, in the foreshadowing of this primal chapter, to set forth a variety of reasons, whether good or otherwise, why the book should have been written; but, in the present instance, if these are not to be found in the book itself, they would scarcely be recognized here. The simple truth is, that the facts herein recorded, from the illustration which they furnish of psychological phenomena, and the relation which they bear to the most important developments of the present age, are, in fact, the property of the world, and should be disposed of accordingly.

If the events here narrated are not of a brilliant order in a merely exterior point of view, they yet exhibit in a moral sense some of the most beautiful principles which could be embodied in any human life. The truly great things of the spirit come not in the gorgeous splendor of worldly pomp, to be unfolded in the broad glare of noonday; but softly and silently as the evening dew their ministry is imparted, and we see it only in its energizing results.

This Biography belongs not more to the Individual than to the proper history of the age. When, as is sometimes the case, the interior powers and tendencies of Humanity are brought forth, and as it were expressed in one personality, it seems proper that the life of the one should be held up as an index and example for the many. With regard to the peculiar psychological powers of Mrs. Mettler, it is not necessary to speak in this connection, since these are sufficiently dis-

closed in the work itself; but from an intimate personal acquaintance with this lady, I can confidently refer to them as a beautiful manifestation of the divine and immortal energies which have long slumbered in the human soul, but which are destined at last to become universally unfolded. The work therefore is presented to the public not merely as a private history of an individual, but rather as a record of spiritual development, and as an index pointing to the pathway of progress in which the race is now rapidly advancing. That it may fulfill the purpose for which it is sent forth and do good to the world by elevating its conceptions of the true life, is the earnest desire of THE AUTHOR.

NEW-YORK, May 30, 1853.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH AND NAME.

THERE are some lives which, from the beginning, present so strong a determination to certain results, that their development seems to be obviously governed by the fixed laws of Destiny; while others exhibit only occasional glimpses of the interior processes, which are forever working out the great Life-problem—silently and secretly, it may be, but none the less truly and powerfully. The first may be followed throughout their whole progress by every eye; but the latter can only be traced by the clear-seeing, and deep-seeing, spiritual vision, which can penetrate surfaces, and enter, and pervade, and interpret, the hidden and mysterious soul of things. To the latter class preëminently belongs the subject of this Narrative. The beautiful Life-Gem lay so deep in its little casket, that no common eye could discover its interior beams; and the spirit-wings were furled so closely in the young form, that no human

breath might ever stir their ethereal plumage—until the time had come ; and then the whole character became opallescent with the long-hidden rays ; and the waking wings, having grown large and strong in the severe discipline which had slowly unfolded them, suddenly burst forth, with a power and splendor which have been but seldom witnessed in this, the first stage of Human Progress.

Semantha Beers was born at Black Rock, in the County of Fairfield, and State of Connecticut, May 20, 1818. Her native place, which to this day maintains its mysterious attraction for her sensitive spirit, is a beautiful little village bordering on Long Island Sound, and about two miles from the City of Bridgeport.

Mrs. Mettler's father, Samuel Beers, was noted for his great benevolence and kindness of heart ; and in all the relations of life—his public business capacity, and his domestic and social connections—he well sustained this character. Her mother, whose maiden name was Hannah Judd, was an impersonation of Charity—a universal friend of the poor and suffering ; and of these excellent parents, Mrs. Mettler was the seventh child.

She was so very lovely and beautiful a babe, that her mother felt a high degree of anxiety in regard to her name. But after a long search, and much thought on the subject, she could find nothing that seemed worthy of the fair little doveling, who, from the very first, had seemed to nestle in her bosom with such unusual presentiment of a peculiar sanctity. While exercised in this way, Mrs. Beers one night dreamed that several persons surrounded her, one of whom relieved her of the peculiar cause of her anxiety, by saying in a sweet and solemn voice,

which accorded well with the serene majesty of the figure: "Call thy babe SEMANTHA!"

Mrs. Beers, on waking, woke her husband also, and informed him of the dream, saying at the same time: "It is the most beautiful name I have ever heard; and I will accept it for my child."

Now, when the subsequent life is taken in connection with the subject of the vision, and the meaning of the name itself, we can not doubt that it was given by the Guardian Spirits of the child, as a prophetic earnest of her beautiful Future. The name SEMANTHA, in its general sense, is said to signify, pure BENEVOLENCE; and how truly this idea has been unfolded, it is my present purpose to show.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HABITS.

THE little Semantha grew in the interest of her strange and almost unearthly beauty, until the close of her first year, when her parents removed to Fairfield, a neighboring village, yet belonging to the same township. Here soon began to develop a thoughtful turn of mind, and a disposition to solitude. Her father, during a period of twelve years, kept the Jail of Fairfield County. This building is situated in the midst of a beautiful green lawn sloping toward the South; and when but an infant of five or six years, she would steal away into some shadowy noook, and throwing herself down among the fresh

grass, look up into the sky, or off over the Sound, for hours together, gazing, and listening, and wondering, until a great sense of awe overwhelmed her with the vastness which she could neither find a line to measure, nor a thought to reach. And in this way was first called forth that sentiment of Veneration, which afterward made her religious affections so strong and active.

At the end of the green stood the school-house; but this was by no means an agreeable feature, in the mind of the young Seeress. She early exhibited a most confirmed dislike to the restraint, both of school and study. No kind of reading pleased her except History, or Narratives of fact: and even the best of these would be thrown aside for a ramble in some shadowy dell, where the great influences that were silently operating on her character, might come freely, and the process of her spiritual development be undisturbed.

We next see her, a child of nine or ten, couched among the sunny grass, almost hushing her small breath to look and listen; for there were forms in the light, and voices in the wind, that were forever attracting her away—away—away!—out in the distance—beyond the reach of human eye, or voice.

Following this impulse, the moment she was freed from school—if indeed she did not free herself by desertion—she would wander off alone for the indulgence of this predetermined love, of what on the surface appears like solitude, but which must have been really a spiritual companionship, whether its affinities were called forth by the Essence pervading Nature, or concentrated in the presence of unseen angels. Her favorite haunt was the beach, which in that region is of beautiful

white sand, with one of the loveliest sea views in the world. After getting tired of gathering shells and ocean-flowers, she would sit down on the shelving slope, and look over the great profound, and listen to the booming tide, until her young spirit grew into the freedom and the strength, the grandeur and sublimity, of the scenes she witnessed.

Sometimes, with a sudden impulse, she would rise, and extend her steps still further, by the two old mills, and over the two old bridges, that lay between Fairfield and Black Rock. Ascending the ruins of an old Fort, she would survey the scene of her birth with the most intense delight. And sometimes, unable to resist the attraction, she would hastily throw on her little sun-bonnet, which had been flung aside for the better view, run down the walls of the Fort; and bounding away over the beautiful shore, make a flying visit to the dear old place.

In other moods she would retire to the seclusion of an ancient cedar grove that lay back of the village, and throwing herself into the deepest shadow, lie there, until her whole being was penetrated, and pervaded, by the somber majesty that filled her with a vague sense of grandeur and of awe.

And thus, through all these ministries of Nature, her Spirit-guardians were ever holding converse with the young Soul, that yielded itself to the attraction, without ever dreaming of the secret of its beautiful love. And thus were inlaid, in the very basis of her character, not only her wonderful intuitions, but the strength, and power of endurance, which would be required to develop and sustain them.

Then again there were periods, when the exuberant gaiety

and happiness in the life of the child, broke forth in very different directions. Indeed, the predisposition to silence, solitude, and melancholic impressions, were but the reäction of an excessive vitality under peculiar circumstances ; and hence what may properly be termed the normal condition of the vital system, would often assert its preëminence, and reässume its prerogative. On these occasions, there was nothing that seemed to appease the almost too ardent flow of life, like exercises on horseback. She would make a picture of some quaint old costume of forty years ago, if we could see her, as she was arrayed for these equestrian expeditions, in some antiquated remains of her mother's wardrobe, the masquerading effect of which delighted her extremely. Among these, her favorite dress was a blue cloth pelisse, with the line of the waist hovering lightly over the tips of the shoulder blades, the effect being increased by a belt about an inch wide, and a kind of habit-frill just behind. This garment which, on a rather delicate child of eleven or twelve years, would lap from side to side, and trail far on the ground, had all the dangerous encumbrance of the limbs, and restraint of motion, if not the gracefulness and picturesque beauty, of a modern riding-dress. But little did Semantha care, when on pleasurable thoughts intent, she thus arrayed herself, with some kind of a fancy article in the way of head-dress, which hightened the effect, to surmount the whole. When moved in this way she would take the horse from the stable, saddle him herself, mount, and scour the country for miles around.

Then again, if her father drove up to the door in a sleigh, or a wagon, she would take possession of the vehicle, gather

together, at short notice, as many of her young companions as possible, and drive off with all the pride and spirit of a young Phaeton ; and almost strange it is, that she did not meet with as disastrous an end,—only that she was reserved for quite other purposes.

There is no doubt that these exercises were not only a result of large vitality, but that they, in their turn, contributed to nourish, and form a strong basis for the very large vital apparatus, which Mrs. Mettler constitutionally possesses, and without which, she could not, by any means, sustain the demands which are continually made on the physical, as well as the spiritual powers. We can see by this one fact, which a superficial observer might pass by as a point not worth regarding, while others of higher notions might even think it mars the beauty of the story to mention it, a direct training for certain and important ends. But we shall find that in any truly natural development there is not a single phenomenon, however trifling it may appear, but has its specific end and use ; and often, too, what appears the most trifling, may, in reality, be the most valuable and important.

But these principles, in their general sense, were a dead letter to those who were most intimately associated with Semantha ; and in their particular application, few would have been so prophetic as to discover in these erratic habits of the wayward little being, any foreshadowings of the remarkable character which a few years have already projected on her yet young life. It is not strange, then, that she had obtained at home, and among her acquaintances generally, the name of a romping truant, who had the ill taste to prefer her own soci-

ety, or that of Nature, to the common-place chatter of her young associates; or, if she admitted any company, to select the children of the poor, or colored children—one of whom, a little girl belonging to the latter class, was the only one who was ever freely admitted to her sacred haunts.

They did not know that a supersensuous influence had first set those little active feet in motion, and then staid them in some spot, where, through the beauty or grandeur of its external features, the speech of angels might best be enwrought with the unfolding soul. They did not know that the very choice of her associates, was inspired by that sweet charity, which, in the due order of development, was to reäbsorb her activities, and send them forth in acts of love so wonderful, they may well take the name of miracles.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

The religious sentiment, which, in a mind thus constituted, would have been so beautiful in its true and natural unfolding, was partially warped by the old doctrines of Malevolence and Selfishness, which have so long bound a halter round the neck of Christendom, that the bondage has become habitual; and the chains are not only worn unconsciously, but they are often sported as ornaments, and made the ministers of a poor and miserable vanity. This mal-inspiration began early to make its impressions on her peculiarly reverent and sensitive nature.

Yet the original stamina of her mind could not be entirely subdued by these false, and utterly groundless, convictions ; for there was at the basis of her character a pretty substantial stratum of reasoning power. This, without being at all able to express its thoughts intelligibly, demanded consistency—in short, demanded that for every effect there should be an adequate cause. Otherwise there would be a sense of fallacy, of injustice, of wrong, in some form or other.

Such were the impressions which she received from the then popular doctrine of endless punishment. From her exceeding large benevolent affections, the mind became early excited in regard to this momentous subject. There was a disagreement among the witnesses, which, with all the mental effort she could bring to bear upon it, would not be reconciled. Poor, simple child ! She did not know then, that even with all the concentrated power of those who assume to be the world's wisest and highest teachers, they can only reconcile these difficulties by creating greater. And in her true and simple thought, she went on wondering, how it *could* be that God had made all inferior beings so happy in their several conditions, and the exterior world so beautiful, while, at the same time, Man, his highest and greatest work—unless he attained to certain conditions, which very few, or a very small portion of the human family could reach—should be punished eternally for sins which he had been led to commit, through the errors of a man and woman, who lived and died more than five thousand years ago ! And the question would continually recur : " *Why* has God made the birds so happy, without care or trouble, and me, a little child, that has a living soul, and knows more tha ı

a thousand birds, with this terrible fear, like a hideous phantom coming between me and the beautiful earth, stealing into my dreams with its horrible grimaces, and casting its black shadow athwart the cheering sunshine?" The mind was continually putting forth questions like these. But no answer came.

These impressions, at times, would entirely overpower the keen joyousness of her nature; and then would come periods of intense mental suffering. O! who knows—who understands—that profoundest of all mysteries, the mind of such a child; for in its abnormal, or premature unfolding, it is like consciousness aroused in the bosom of Chaos—a world of crude and fragmentary hopes, feelings, thoughts, yearnings, and impressions, which can only be evolved in their true proportions, by much preternatural feeling, thought, and suffering. And often all these processes are silently hidden away; and the child may be chidden, or even punished, for some negligence of external duty, which has grown out of these very struggles. Let those who watch over the development of young Immortals be very careful how they exercise their prerogative, lest by undue severity they crush the folded wing of angels, even while it is expanding in the tender mind. And especially is this to be guarded against with the sensitive, and those who are retiring in their habits.

One of the greatest misfortunes of childhood fell to the lot of Semantha; that of not being comprehended, or understood—or rather of being *mis*understood by those about her. Could any person have entered into the confidence of that young bosom, how much suffering might have been prevented! But

how much strength would also have remained undeveloped, we are not permitted to know. The inner portals of her mind inclosed a holy of holies, where only angels entered; and in looking back from this point, as over a long and painful journey in the distance, we can not forbear exclaiming; how lovingly and wisely have they led the Spirit which they thus early consecrated!

Semantha in these sorrowful moods had no recognized friend but Nature; and always, in their first appearance, she yearned and, if possible, sought for solitude. Often as she sat on the beach, or in the cedar grove, she yielded to the sad effects of her early indoctrination. And there, where the thought was peculiarly at war with every thing around her—so serene and peaceful—she felt a sense of utter depravity, which could no more rightfully be associated with such a child, than with a bird, or a star, or a flower. And as she looked around, in her simplicity of thought, she would wonder again, how God *could* have made every thing else so beautiful, and herself alone, of all she saw, so very wicked and miserable! Yet while these solitary scenes favored the growth of a morbid and unnatural consciousness, they also, under all these coverts, unfolded a deep and truthful religious character.

The mind of the child became very much affected by this precocious development of the religious sensibilities; and an unnatural gloom hung out a heavy cloud between her and the spiritual sun, which, could it have shone freely into the innocent bosom, how serenely would the days and nights have been flowing onward, while the young heart kept time with its joyous and loving pulses. But hers was to be the true calm that

is brought out of the tempest—the positive harmony that is extracted from discord—the absolute strength and power that are won from struggle ; and therefore she must suffer.

Every strongly marked character must be unfolded by crises, when there seems to be a concentration of energy to a given point, producing results which, after they are recognized, create land-marks on the life-road, ever showing how the path of the Future was marked by their appearance. Yet these epochs may come and go unconsciously for the present, to the subject and all around him. Of this character was the incident I am going to relate.

When about eleven years old Semantha was very much interested in her Sabbath-school Teacher's account of the Millennium. And, doubtless, much to the surprise, if not dismay of the latter, the following question was propounded by our young heroine.

"You say that all the people who are converted will be saved, and no others ; and all who are living at the time of the Millennium *will* be converted, and be saved. If I am living when the Millennium comes, shall I be saved ?"

The Teacher could not answer. And thus the poor child was cut off from the miserable possibility of salvation ! But the effect of that unanswered question never wore off. An unconscious distrust of orthodoxy, so-called, was then awakened ; and though it was partially paralyzed, it lay in the young mind still latent ; nor could all the pressure of unnatural burdens—the weight of Creed and Dogma—crush the life out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

About a year after the circumstances alluded to in the last chapter, a protracted meeting was held at Fairfield, and great interest was manifested by old and young. This could not pass by without leaving its effects on a mind naturally thoughtful, and predisposed to venerative feeling, though as yet it had never been awakened to a strong and continued sense of religious obligation. Semantha attended the meetings regularly, and became much exercised. Her feelings continually deepened in tone and strength, until at length she was greatly excited and distressed in mind; but finally this state subsided into one of a sweet spiritual rest and peace, which was exactly suited to that early period of development. A little while before her conversion, she attended a prayer-meeting, where she was requested to pray; but the sense of veneration was so strong, and her emotions altogether were so intense, that she lost all power of speech. She felt such a sense of unworthiness to address her Maker, that the words seemed crushed in her mouth; and she could not utter a sound; but was not that feeling, whether it was so accepted or not, the very concentrated essence of all prayer?

After she was brought out into a happy conversion, she, in connection with several children about her own age, used fre-

quently to appoint meetings for reading and prayer; and in those little gatherings she often experienced a sense of delight, which she now believes to have been a true spiritual illumination. She continued in these religious exercises about one year, and then united with the Presbyterian Church of Fairfield.

Each candidate for membership was taken into a room with the Minister and two Deacons, to undergo a spiritual examination, before being admitted. As the father of Semantha kept a public house, wherein she was open to many temptations, her preparatory discipline seems to have been rather more strict and rigid than that of the others. Mr. Beers, her father, also played the violin; and frequently his professional services were called for to assist on convivial occasions, at balls and parties; and he thus, as it were, brought the voice of the Tempter into his own dwelling. The child was closely questioned in regard to this point, whether she loved God so truly, that she could resist all this temptation of the domesticated Syren, and if she did not think parties and balls, and every thing of that kind, very wicked. In the simplicity of her heart she answered, that she thought she *could* resist them all, and that she believed such amusements as were mentioned, *very wicked, indeed*— whereupon she was accepted, as a true and hopeful light of the Christian Church alluded to above.

In the summer of 1832, when the cholera made its appearance in New-York, many persons will remember what a general panic pervaded the whole country. During all that summer Mr. Beers was very melancholy; and a sense of gloom hung over the whole family. He could not bear to hear a single

word said of it, affecting to think the accounts were greatly exaggerated. But the forebodings proved to be too true, indeed. One Sabbath day in the month of August, three sat at table together ; and before the next Sabbath they were all buried—Mr. Beers and two men who boarded at the house.

This melancholy event uprooted all previously existing family arrangements. Mr. Beers had been a very liberal man in various ways ; and as a result of this, rather than any mismanagement, his estate was rendered insolvent. Yet he left behind the sweet savor of a good name, unstained by any greater indignity than that of cherishing a spirit whose liberality had rather too far outgrown his creed ; and also of having been set aside from the Presbyterian Church, for playing the violin at balls. After this happened Mrs. Beers, manifesting a very proper feeling and spirit, never again entered the church doors ; but she and her husband both attended the Episcopal Church, which they afterwards joined.

CHAPTER V.

REMOVAL TO BRIDGEPORT—MARRIAGE—LIFE IN BUFFALO.

In the Autumn of the same year, Mrs. Beers, with her family, removed to Bridgeport ; and Semantha, then but a little way in her thirteenth year, continued to reside with her. The young convert carried with her a letter from the Church at Fairfield to the North Congregational Church at Bridgeport, to which she was thus formally transferred.

As a means of livelihood, Mrs. Beers took a large number of

boarders. She kept no servant and all the assistance she had was from the child who had, until then, been almost wild and free as the breezes of her native hills. Some idea of the actual amount of labor to which she was, by her necessities, subjected, may be gathered from the fact that in addition to all the running, waiting and tending, and the multiform household exercises which would naturally fall to the share of the youngest worker, Semantha had a great deal of hard work to do. How her little hands, and feet, and back, and heart, too, must have ached sometimes, not only from the severity of the labor, but from the effect of contrast between the Past and Present! But still she kept on, with a strong will, and a true heart; and no lasting ill effects seem to have been produced by the hardships she endured at that early and tender period. With all this, she was a regular and zealous attendant on all the external ordinances of religion; she sang in the choir, and was much beloved in the church.

In the Spring of 1835, just after having completed her seventeenth year, Semantha, was married to Mr. J. R. Mettler, of Alexandria, Hunterdon County, New-Jersey; and very soon she went to live with her husband in New-York, where having remained a few months, she returned to Bridgeport, and staid with her mother, while Mr. Mettler was establishing a business in Buffalo. In the following Spring, 1836, he came on after her; and she went with him to Buffalo, where they lived about five years.

And now began to be exhibited trials and sufferings, which were not only to unfold her wonderful powers, but the heroic energy and strong determination of Will, which were required

for their development. The young couple begun life in Buffalo with the most flattering hopes ; but misfortunes, one after another, blighted the fair prospect, in the first freshness of its budding flower.

The first year of her residence in Buffalo, Semantha was extremely homesick, though surrounded by many agreeable acquaintances and friends. In the Spring of 1837, she went home for a visit, and spent the Summer with her mother in Bridgeport. After she went back to Buffalo, she was perfectly contented, until the last year and a half of her life there. In the second year of their residence in Buffalo, Mr. Mettler lost much property by the great flood which occurred in the autumn of 1837. By a sudden rise of the lake, in a single night, goods to a very large amount were completely destroyed. These losses caused great trouble and embarrassment, and finally broke up his business.

In the Spring of 1840, Mr. Mettler, having in the course of business taken a good deal of stock, and not meeting with ready sales in his immediate vicinity, finally concluded to take it to Philadelphia. He experienced a great deal of trouble ; and quite unexpectedly his stay was protracted to about four months. Mrs. Mettler was in a state of extreme anxiety, in regard to her husband, during all this long period ; and toward the latter part of the time she was really desperate. At last she made up her mind that if he did not return soon, she would pack up her goods and go home ; but fortunately he appeared before she could put this scheme in execution. On his return she learned that he had been locked up in the debtors' prison by a cousin of his, for a debt which it was impossible for him to

pay. This cousin was reputedly a very pious young man, and a member of Dr. Spring's church. If he had not imagined that he had more than an ordinary share of religion, or if he had been possessed of a true religious spirit and principle, he might have looked on the poor man and his helpless family with sympathy instead of inflicting, as he did, a most cruel punishment on the guiltless.

It appeared on his return home, that there was little encouragement came with him. His whole expedition had been a most disastrous one ; and he had unwisely neglected writing, fearing to distress her, and hoping for better times. The present was dark ; and the future loomed up in the cold distance, with the infinite gloom of an eternal midnight. But dark as it was, a far darker period was close at hand—a time of suffering so terrible that Imagination was vanquished by the fearful reality. About three weeks after Mr. Mettler got home he was attacked by a bilious fever, which kept him ill for six weeks. The second week after, the little boy was attacked, and on the fourth week Mrs. Mettler herself, when they all lay sick together. For about twelve weeks the house was a perfect hospital. After Mrs. Mettler's recovery, her husband was seized with the fever and ague, which lasted nearly a year. In the mean time he had settled with his creditors, and removed to another part of the city. During the Winter Mr. Mettler, though still very feeble, worked, whenever he could, in a livery stable, for fifteen dollars a month. This, with one hundred dollars worth of goods from a store, was all the support they had ; and they were often brought to extreme want. Think how much that poor wife must have suffered during that long

and tedious Winter! Often she would sit down by the window to watch for her husband's return from work, to see if she could gather from his countenance, or manner, any hope; but as often was she obliged to turn away, with a sick heart. At this time the general distress of the family was greatly increased by the sickness of the oldest boy, which continued nearly all winter, and toward Spring the second boy was attacked with a paralysis of one whole lower limb, from which he has never yet recovered.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN HOMEWARD.

Early in the spring Mrs. Mettler's third child, a daughter, was born—as it then appeared—to nothing but a full inheritance of suffering, and sorrow. Mr. Mettler then sold off all he possessed, in order to obtain the means of conveying his family back to Bridgeport, or the vicinity of their friends; and when her babe was only six weeks old, Mrs. Mettler, with her three little children, set off alone, Mr. Mettler going by land, in order to transact some business for a friend. At that time he was very feeble; for he had not yet recovered from the fever and ague. He could scarcely drag himself along. This was another cause of anxiety to Mrs. Mettler; but she had no lack of these. John, the oldest boy, still remained very feeble; and the lame one required almost as much care and attention as the babe in her arms. It would seem as if all these would

have been trial enough for one poor broken-hearted woman ; but the cares and trials of Mrs. Mettler did not stop here. She also took charge of an old man, who, having lost all his property, had fallen into a state of ill health, and hopeless imbecility. If he had been of a cheerful turn of mind he might have given back now and then a ray of comfort, in return for the attention he received. But instead of this, he was daily troubled with that most uncomfortable of all imaginations, both to its subject and those about him—a fear of immediate death, and in addition to every thing else, she had him to care for and comfort ; but he was very grateful, and daily pronounced his blessing for her kindness.

It does really seem true that misfortunes are gregarious, and fly in large flocks ; for the old adage that they never come singly, may be sustained by a multitude of facts. Owing to the great number of boats which were at that time in motion, causing much delay in passing through the locks, they were three weeks on the way to Schenectady ; and hereby hung another, and a very great trial. Mr. Mettler had agreed with the Captain of the boat for the passage of the family ; but when the latter found how much longer it was taking than he had anticipated, he demanded double pay. Not being supplied with any extra funds, Mrs. Mettler, instead of getting her meals on board as had been arranged, when she would have had at least comfortable fare, was obliged to give up the board, and get provisions, and cook for herself by the way. And this not only added to her labor, but also many times deprived her of meals at the right season, and of the proper nourishment which her system required.

Just before reaching Schenectady a young man and his sister came on board, who appeared very kind, and manifested a great deal of interest and sympathy. They were going to New-York; and the brother took it upon himself to attend to Mrs. Mettler's baggage in changing from the canal to the cars, and then again to the steamboat on the river. On arriving at Albany she asked him if her baggage was all safe; and being answered in the affirmative, she went on board the steamer with a happy heart, confiding in his care, and rejoicing that she had found so good a friend.

But when she arrived in New-York, on calling for her baggage, she found that a large band-box which contained all her babe's clothing, and many other useful articles, was gone. Here was a fresh trial which it is difficult really to appreciate. She not only lost some really valuable things; but she was left without even a change of clothing for her babe, and without the means of getting more. Thus was her appearance among her friends, which was already sufficiently mortifying to an ambitious and high heart, rendered more forlorn and poverty-stricken.

Success is the great god of Earth; and in our zeal for the worship we sometimes forget, or leave out of our reckoning, the elements which contributed to produce it, or the means by which the substance of the great Golden Calf has been gathered together, and molten into the imposing form it wears. So, on the other hand, Failure is the great crime—the universal curse of the world—and no matter what powers may have been called forth in the struggle. The unfortunate one may have fought with the heroism of a martyr—may have suffered with

the divine sweetness of an angel—but with a very large portion of the world the exterior fact, and its attendant curse, remain the same, and are imputed to the sufferer as the one unpardonable sin, for which there is no mercy. We must, some time, get the better of this great injustice, and come out into a truer estimate of things.

But to return to our travellers ; it was a cold damp morning which, in the last of Spring, always looks so heart-sickening and discouraging, when Mrs. Mettler arrived in New-York ; and almost every person knows how much dismal weather affects one who is very miserable. The young mother was oppressed with a deadly sinking of the heart when the last blow was struck, and she came really to comprehend her loss.

Her ill-disguised agony of mind attracted the attention of a gentleman who was walking the dock ; for it was so very early in the morning that whatever happened was conspicuous. On learning her pitiable condition he came forward, addressed her very kindly, and offered his services for the recovery of the baggage, and also to assist her to the place where she was going.

Mrs. Mettler was still obliged to take her protégé, the old man, along with her to the house of her husband's brother, where she was received very coolly. Her sister-in-law did not make her appearance until two hours after her arrival ; and the next day she left her dejected and miserable guest, altogether.

Mrs. Mettler remained there till the next day in the afternoon, and then went to her own brother's, where she was very cordially received ; and in a week after that Mr. Mettler

arrived. His sufferings during that long and lonely journey, over mountain and through valley, had been intense ; and only by a struggle for life had he been able to endure them. But his health was so broken down, that after having reached his father's house, he sunk under a renewed attack of his disease —chills and fever—which he had in as terrible a form as one *could* pass through and live. Mrs. Mettler then went to her mother's where she remained through the summer.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN NEW-JERSEY.

Besides the whole care of her three little children, two of them helpless—Semantha assisted her mother in household affairs, and had to work very hard. Mr. Mettler was entirely without business, or any means of dependence, whatever. There was nothing bright in the present, and no hope in the future. During this visit at her mother's, after having been neglected by the Church at Bridgeport, of which she was a member, for the space of five years, she received a call from one of the laiety, who offered her a letter to some other church ; and though it came at rather a late hour, after having been permitted to wander so long, she accepted it, supposing it would obtain admittance for her into any church with which she might choose to unite herself. At that time, however, she had not the least idea of ever wishing to leave the denomination to which she had been so long attached.

In the following Autumn, 1841, Mr. Mettler took his family out to his father's in New-Jersey, where they remained through the Winter, or about six months. It was a very lonely place; and Mrs. Mettler, mingling but little in society, had much time left on her hands for indulging the sad thoughts their misfortunes had awakened; and, to use her own words, being completely bowed down with trouble and anxiety, her heart was very much humbled.

During this Winter Mr. Mettler was in Philadelphia on business for his father, which proved to be not merely unlucrative, but a bill of expense; and, strange to say, once more, from a mistaken kindness, he left his wife to another long period of intense anxiety concerning his fate—a condition which many a true woman's heart will appreciate, when told that for more than two months she expected him every hour—almost every minute; and all that time heard nothing. Every carriage that passed she imagined must have brought him—until at length, the continually disappointed hope fell upon her with all the heaviness of accumulated sorrows; and the heart-sickness she felt was sadder than that of death. But I will not anticipate.

Little Joseph, the lame boy, suffered a great deal during this time; and as her father's family was large, and her children troublesome, Mrs. Mettler's situation was trying in the extreme, not only for the severe labor, but for the anxiety, and sense of dependence, which it involved. The scenery around this place was very beautiful, if she could only have been free to enjoy it; and under all disadvantages her never-dying love of Nature sometimes carried a balm to the heart, which else, might have broken, whenever she could steal out for a few

minutes, to look in the face of her old Friend, and inhale the free breath of Heaven.

In the month of January she went to a place called Head-Quarters to visit a sister of Mr. Mettler. Here the scenery was characterized by a kind of savage gloom. In a small valley about half a dozen houses, which, together with the grounds, had been left in a rough condition, were surrounded on all sides by a cluster of high hills. Just in front of the house where Mrs. Mettler stopped was a large frog-pond. Beyond that was a road between it and a rickety old grist-mill, which always had to work ; though its excruciating groans seemed to say that it was far from being able. It was at this time that Mrs. Mettler was expecting her husband so anxiously. For a while she found amusement during the week-days, seeing the neighboring farmers and their wives drive up to the country store, which was kept by her brother-in-law, in order to exchange the home, or farm products for *goods*—technically so called.

At one time a group of these women surrounded a hogshead containing the granular deposite of molasses, or molasses-sugar, and gave themselves a treat. One of them would thrust a long stick into the semi-fluid substance, and draw it horizontally through her mouth, until she was satisfied with sweetness, then pass it to the next, and so on ; until some of them became so excited by the keen relish, that they could not wait for the stick to come round, and so dipped in their fingers. Does not this fact show that a certain *taste* is not strictly confined to Yankee-land ? But though there were other scenes quite as ludicrous, and some, indeed, really spicy, yet the novelty soon

wore off. She was still a prey to the most corroding cares; and the croaking frogs, and the clanking old mill, made but a sorry accompaniment to her sad reflections.

During the Sabbath, the loneliness seemed intolerable; for from the character of the scenery, the quietness was not that of repose; but the features of the landscape were so harsh and rigid, that the stillness seemed rather to have been induced by some galvanic process, or paralytic influence, which had subdued without softening, and had left a haggard expression on the face of Nature, than the sweet calm of natural rest—there was an entire absence of all amenity, which, without grandeur, conveyed to the mind a savage impression.

There was but one religious society at this place. A people called Dunkers, who in some respects resemble the Quakers, monopolized all the theological teaching of that small community, and the country for some distance around. Mrs. Mettler, on one occasion, attended a meeting of this kind. The congregation sat in silence; for on that day no one was impressed to speak; yet she felt that the Spirit they waited for, descended in the midst; and there seemed a truer feeling of devotion than in any other church she had ever attended. It was so to her, doubtless, because her own spiritual affections were getting deeper and truer. The spiritual aspect of the external world—or the sentiment which it conveys to the soul—is but a reflex of our own minds. If heaven is within us, its image will be projected on whatever we behold.

And so the time wore heavily on. The gentle sufferer, during the day, dismissed, as far as possible, all the agonizing cares that were already wearing out her young life, with the

corrosive action of unalloyed suffering and disappointment ; but the long, cold, and dreary night claimed a fearful retribution from the quivering nerves and aching heart.

She finished, at length, her visit of six weeks—which seemed more like six years—and returned to the house of her father-in-law ; but still no husband, and no tidings came. The Spring was now beginning to open ; and sometimes, oppressed with anguish which made the presence of any human being intolerable, she would go out to a hill back of the house, where she could see the River Delaware, and hear the roaring of its waters, that came softened through the distance. Many times in the night, when all was quiet, she would steal out to this favorite haunt, and, sitting down, think, and listen, until it seemed as if her soul would really take wings, and fly away over the rippling waves, seeking if peradventure rest or peace might be found any where ; but the darkly brooding raven gathered no sign of promise—the o'er-wearied dove brought back no olive-branch.

Mr. Mettler did not return in several weeks after she went back to Alexandria ; and when at last he arrived, the event added to her sorrows, instead of diminishing them. She was indeed informed of his safety, and so far she was relieved ; but he had incurred the displeasure of both parents, by failing to negotiate satisfactorily the business with which he had been intrusted ; and they treated him with great coolness. If particulars could be given, they would show that this alone was enough almost to break the heart of a true and affectionate wife ; for what is so trying as to see those we love treated unkindly—especially by those who, in the common course of

nature, should love and cherish them! A generous woman can bear suffering and ill treatment in almost any degree, when offered to herself alone; but she feels the keenest anguish when she witnesses the sufferings of dear ones, which she yet can not alleviate.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVERSION TO UNIVERSALISM.

They remained in New-Jersey about six weeks after this, when, with the very meager pittance which Mr. Mettler had earned, as he could, in small services about the farm, they again turned homeward. Mrs. Mettler went to her mother's in Bridgeport, while Mr. Mettler remained with his brother in New-York, hoping to get business. The poor afflicted wife and mother returned to her servile labor; and for many weeks there appeared not a single ray of comfort any where, beyond what the simple consciousness of trying to do the best she could under the most trying circumstances, might afford. All her reflections were of the most painful and discouraging kind. Her dependent position and the situation of her husband, without business for the present, or any assurance for the coming days, was a continual source of trouble. There was no depth of sorrow and anguish which did not seem to be hovering in the darkness of that miserable Future. The poor watcher could not yet see the angel wings, which, even then, were cleaving the serene atmosphere of the far distance; for the rainbow,

if it could have been visible, would have rested on mountains of sorrow and suffering, which yet lay between her weeping eyes and the clear sunshine. Often after her poor little babes were asleep, and the house was quite still, she would rise and walk the floor of the attic room where she slept, and weep until it would seem as if her heart must be stone, or it would all have dissolved itself in tears. In this way she passed many whole nights. Whichever way she looked for help, it was hedged up against her. She could not expect much, if any assistance from their immediate friends, because Mr. Mettler had received assistance from one of his, and one of her brothers, before going to Buffalo ; and as he had never been able entirely to discharge the bills, he could not ask for any further help from either of them. But finally his brother did let him have goods ; and in the following Autumn he opened a little store in Bridgeport.

They took apartments in the house of Mrs. Beers ; and though one room and a bedroom constituted their whole domain, yet Mrs. Mettler felt, as she has told me, independent as a queen in her palace ; for she could walk her own floor, and again be at rest.

They got along through the Winter very comfortably, Mr. Mettler's business, meanwhile, doing rather more than support the family in the humble way in which they lived. This state of peace continued until the latter part of Winter ; and then troubles were excited on account of Mr. Mettler's liberal religious views. It had been agreed between him and his wife, that she should go to church with him a part of the time, and he a part of the time with her ; but as soon as she began to go to

the Universalists' place of worship, her friends felt so bitterly in regard to it, that the spirit which they manifested not only disturbed her peace, but also affected her husband's business very unfavorably. Notwithstanding he kept a temperance store, many good temperance men were persuaded to go to other places in preference ; for it seems that in spite of all their zeal, they liked the smell of rum-holes better than the odor of a liberal Christianity.

In September, 1842, and soon after being installed in her own apartments, Mrs. Mettler gave birth to a fourth child, another little daughter ; and thus her family was gradually enlarging its boundaries, and her cares were steadily multiplying ; but there was a great relief at hand. And though it was to come out of the direst struggle, yet as the subject now looks back on the pathway of time, she can see the foot-prints that once were stained with her heart's blood, now bear only the sweet impressions of mercy and loving kindness. At this period the mind of Mrs. Mettler began to acquire a greater expansion of its religious views.

Some time in the month of December, 1842, there was a certain Sabbath, which, though its precise date is forgotten, will always be remembered as one of the great eras in her life ; for then she heard the first liberal sermon she had ever really listened to. It was delivered by the Rev. S. B. Brittan ; and its subject was the great and terrible Day of the Lord. This gave all her preconceived opinions such a thorough shaking, that the old Orthodoxy, from that day forward, never recovered its equilibrium. A new crisis was here projected on her interior life ; but the conflict wrought itself out with the sin-

gular determination and truthfulness of her character. She read all the evidence she could obtain on both sides of the question—studied, thought, and reasoned with her convictions, for three months ; and then, when her duty became apparent, she dared the terrors of an offended Church, the disapprobation of friends, and the desertion of her family, and united herself with the First Universalist Society of Bridgeport. But all these will come in at their due time and place.

CHAPTER IX.

ALIENATION OF FRIENDS.

In the latter part of this Winter, Mrs. Mettler had much sickness in her family, her oldest daughter, Catharine, being for a long time ill ; and her sufferings and difficulties from this cause, were greatly enhanced by the coolness of her friends, and their decided disapprobation of her new religious views.

In the Spring of 1843 they took a larger house ; while Mr. Mettler managed to make his business somewhat more productive. The estrangement of her friends continued to increase ; and even her mother did not visit her in several months after she removed from her house. But in the following August, when the little lame boy, Joseph, was kicked by a horse, and it was feared that the better leg would be lamed for life, Mrs. Beers became so far softened as to visit her daughter ; but at the same timc she gave her the exceedingly cold comfort of reflecting that the accident was a just judgment of God for her

wicked heresy. However, it seems that the judgment was revoked; for by strict care and attention the poor little sufferer recovered.

In the course of the Summer, Mrs. Mettler had quite a controversy with her friends in regard to the theological points which were at issue between them. This was maintained in a series of letters between Mrs. Mettler and a sister. The strictures on the young heretic and her faith are very severe, though the blame was chiefly laid to the husband. Mrs. Mettler, in spite of all the abuses she met, sustained herself and her opinions very calmly, and very clearly.

But it seems to me that the worst features of the old Orthodoxy never appeared so hideous and revolting, as they now do in these letters of the sister, which lie before me. And yet I can catch some faint gleams of a true kindness. They appear to have been called forth by a feeling of sincere love; but the whole sphere, both of thought and affection, is so very circumscribed, that, aside from the spirit and meaning of the text, there is a want of scope—a want of freedom—that absolutely pains me on the reading. It has reflected back the deformities of the worn-out Faith in so glaring a light, invested with such hideous deformities, which are rendered grotesque by the most ridiculous absurdities, that I lay the letters down with astonishment, and ask if it can be possible that sane men and women—benevolent and kind-hearted men and women—living in a Christian country, could have believed such wrongful absurdities, or have invested their God with such a character? These doctrines must inevitably either crush and destroy all true love, all natural affection, all free worship—or else they

must falsify themselves. And it has been the blessing of the world that they were *not* believed—that the faith in them was always shallow and unsound, and never, to any very considerable extent, sincere and radical. This might be shown by numerous facts ; but one is sufficient. In the momentous subject of everlasting punishment the orthodox Calvinist's own immediate personal friends almost always give some evidence of escape. It may be but a word, at the last moment, and after a vicious life—it may be but the lifting of a hand—a look—or even implication ; yet the devout friends accept the evidence, and appear satisfied. Now they must either have become so unfeeling as to be utterly regardless of the most horrible consequences, or else they do not believe in the danger ; for no human heart, or mind, could be satisfied with so little to justify a reasonable hope. If the tortures of a year, a month, or even of one single hour, hung on such slender threads, would not the remotest possibility of the danger be sufficient to disturb one's peace ? Most certainly it would. It is in vain to plead one's piety, as a reason of submission and quietude under such circumstances. There is no piety that can abrogate a law of Nature. Yes ; the doctrine is unsound to the core. It can not be believed.

I can easily see how ignorant men should worship the moon, the sun, the stars, or any of the beautiful and benignant natural forms. A tree would be an emblem of majesty and overshadowing love ; and fire would be an embodiment of that divine energy, with which we naturally invest the great Parent of Life. I can even see how men should bow themselves down to worship stocks and stones, and the work of their

own hands, because they might believe that some principle of Good had entered into their idol, and thus deified it. But I can not conceive how such a being as the Orthodox God —such a miserable compound of weakness and malignity— should elicit any other feelings in a mind naturally clear and liberal, than those of hatred and contempt.

The Selfish Principle is the very basis of the old Dogmatism. The whole machinery of the religion is marked by this trait. Look at the preaching. Repent ; and be saved. Be converted ; not because Goodness is good and lovely in itself —and should be loved for its own sake—but because if you do not, you will be DAMNED. A truly generous sentiment is seldom awakened ; and so long as the world remains selfish as it is, will it have its Incarnation of Almighty Selfishness, that claims to be worshiped as a God, in the character of a Demon.

By this light we can see very clearly the point of the Infidel's frequent charge against Christianity—that the benevolence and moral purity of its professors, bears an inverse proportion to their piety. But thank God this is not Christianity ; and the New will come out of the Old, and the True out of the False ; and all will yet be well.

But to return to the letters. In Mrs. Mettler's reply I am struck, not only with the spirited tone of the response, but also with the ardroitness and capacity of the reasoning powers, by which she maintained her ascendancy. She is never at a loss ; and her means of defense seem the best that could possibly be chosen. And as this reflection comes upon me, I can see how a mind that accepts of a liberal doctrine—even though it may not be entirely true—becomes expanded and exalted by

the generous idea. Mrs. Mettler, in embracing Universalism, had not, as she then believed, reached the highest ideal of a Christian Faith ; nor would some of its dogmas which she so ingeniously defended, be at the present time endorsed by her. Let it here be distinctly understood that we do not reject the fundamental idea of Universalism—the Benevolence of God ; we only establish this great principle on a broader and firmer basis. The essential relations between Cause and Effect must always be preserved ; and therefore no man *can* be saved from his own sins—or from their effects—except through a radical change of heart and life—of affection, will, and deed, by development and progress.

CHAPTER X.

EXPULSION FROM THE CHURCH.

As time passed on, although Mrs. Mettler found herself entirely forsaken by her friends, yet she occasionally visited them. But whenever she did so, she was invariably assailed on the ground of her religious opinions ; and often both herself and her faith were treated in the most abusive manner. Doubtless these good friends were moved by a spirit of real kindness, hoping by their abundant chastising, not only to correct the offender, but to bring the wanderer back to the true fold. So strong was Semantha's affection for her friends that she bore these castigations for a long time. But often on her return from these visits, it was with a sickness of heart which bore

down upon her with an irresistible conviction, that if she would maintain any peace of life, she must finally be compelled to forsake them, as they had forsaken her. Yet she found much comfort, not only in the new and beautiful hopes with which her loving spirit had been truly inspired, but in the society of friends of more liberal and congenial minds.

The house into which they had removed was a double one; and after having lived in the north part two years they removed into the south part, which brings us to the Spring of 1845.

The leading tendencies of Mrs. Mettler were now soon to receive an entirely new impulse. Having heard much of the clear-seeing of Mr. Davis, who was then with Dr. Lyon at Bridgeport, she resolved, as a dernier resort, to take her little lame boy to him for an examination; and accordingly, some time in the course of the Spring, this was done. She was impressed with the wonderful truthfulness of his delineation, but at the same time, being unable to account for it on any known principles, she, like many others, thought it was very mysterious, but ascribed the power to an evil origin; and this shows that she had not then come out of the slough of Orthodoxy so entirely as she thought. But while she presented the case in this milder form, her mother who accompanied her, boldly declared it was the work of the Devil. Yet this ill opinion did not hinder Mrs. Mettler from investigation. She was still impelled to inquire—to know. But how little did she imagine, while studying into these principles, that her mission upon Earth was chiefly to unfold and illustrate them. And yet, who can tell but it was the stirring of the angel, which yet lay so

deeply hidden, that inspired the interest, suggested the inquiry, and prompted the study? Our interior impressions are, as yet, full of mystery, and we can not clearly trace them; but often, I believe, when apparently accidental or trivial causes lead to great and important results, if we would analyze ourselves more carefully, we should discover a predetermination of thought, feeling, or interest in the given direction, which clearly indicates an over-presiding Intelligence, Will, or Design.

About this time the Church, which had entirely neglected Mrs. Mettler ever since her return from the West—not one of its members having visited her for a period of three years—began to look after the stray lamb. Toward the last of May, however, she received a visit from Mr. Hunter, the Pastor, and Deacon Sherwood; when the conversation occurred which is given below, as it was originally published in the New-York *Christian Messenger:*

Deacon Sherwood.—We have called, Mrs. Mettler, to see why you absent yourself from public worship with us.

Mrs. Mettler.—I have not considered myself a member of your Church, from a letter received from you some three years since.

Mr. Hunter.—You could not consider yourself freed from our church by such a letter as that.

M.—I think the letter read something like holding me under your care and keeping for either six or nine months; but I have unfortunately lost it.

H.—It could not have read thus, because we never give a letter in that way.

M.—I thought the letter freed me from your church, or I should have tendered my resignation long before this.

H.—You might just as well talk of sending a letter of resignation to your husband.

M.—Do you consider me as closely bound to the church as to my husband?

H.—Certainly you are.

M.—If such is the case, it is a new doctrine to me.

H.—When you united with the church, you was bound to it until death separated you from it.

S.—If you had considered yourself a member, you could not have united with us in public worship, for I believe you have embraced the Universal doctrine.

M.—I have, believing it to be the truth of the Bible.

H.—I know not how you could embrace Universalism, believing it to be the truth of the Bible, for I have studied the Bible for many years, and could not see the shadow of it there.

M.—We are not all constituted alike. *I* find nothing but Universalism there.

H.—Universalists have no rules and regulations—no creed; and do not believe in the Divinity of Christ; and they also deny the true character of God.

M.—If such is the case, it is news to me! We do not, it is true, believe in the creeds of men, but we take the Scriptures for our creed—the best and surest of all creeds.

H.—*I*, also, take the Bible for *my* creed.

M.—Sir, do you find all the articles of your faith in the Bible?

H.—Yes, I do.

M.—If they are in the Bible, I have not yet been able to discover them.

H.—Perhaps you read your Bible as all other Universalists do—with a wrong understanding.

M.—If such is the case, it is my misfortune, and I am rather to be pitied than condemned.

H.—We have not called to condemn you for your faith, but through the appointment of a committee, to see if you wished to be considered a member of our church any longer.

M.—If I am regarded by you as a member, I wish to be considered so no longer, for I do not believe your doctrine.

H.—Does your faith comfort you?

M.—It truly has done, thus far in life, and I am sure it will in my dying hour.

H.—I hope it will, but I am afraid you will wake up in eternity with disappointed hopes.

M.—I have all faith to believe that my doctrine will prove itself true, as to myself, and also all the rest of mankind.

S.—I have a few words to say, Mr. Hunter, although it is going to clash a little with what you have just uttered. If I understood you, you said you hoped Mrs. Mettler's doctrine would sustain her in her dying hour; but I don't, nor can't hope so, for I believe it to be a *lie!*

M.—If the hope of meeting all our dear friends and connections, together with the whole human family, in heaven, will not sustain us in the dying hour, I know of no hope that will.

H.—St. Paul tells us, that if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.

M.—We should be, indeed, if in this life only, we had hope. But St. Paul also tells us to have hope in God, of the resurrection, both of the just and unjust.

H.—Do you believe that we receive our full reward of punishment in this life? There appears to be a great difference of opinion among Universalists on this point.

M.—I believe we shall be fully punished for the deeds done in the body. As to what takes place between death and the resurrection, I know not; and I think it will be difficult for you to inform me. St. Paul, however, tells us that in the resurrection, we shall be raised

incorruptible, pure, holy and happy beings; that we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

H.—But the idea of the Universalist is—the reward of all men is the same in heaven. For instance, here is a man who has led a righteous and sober life, and bore all the persecutions of a Christian; and here is another who has passed through life in all the pleasures and wickedness of this world—the reward, in eternity, is the same.

M.—I believe, sir, that we are amply rewarded for our good, as well as evil deeds through life. And now, allow me a single question—would you, sir, as a minister of the gospel (if such you preach) with all the comfort and consolation which that gospel affords, would you, sir, exchange situations with the poor, degraded sinner who walks the streets?

H.—No, I would not.

M.—Do you not think you are amply rewarded from the hand of our Father, for all the good deeds of your life?

H.—I do, for we can not, of ourselves, merit any thing—it is all the gift of God.

M.—Then, sir, why do you preach a doctrine, that through repentance we merit heaven? If I understand you right, you consider sin as a pleasure. I wish to know, sir, if sin *is* really a pleasure?

H.—It is no pleasure to the righteous man, but many enter into it as though it were a very great pleasure.

M.—I have often heard the remark that we could "roll sin under the tongue as a sweet morsel;" but I believe that in the depths of sin, we are certain to find a canker worm, and that it is sure to poison.

S.—An idea has just come into my head, which I must now tell, for fear I may forget it; for I am an old man and rather forgetful. It is this—when I was first married I had a brother, or rather a half brother it was. And it so happened that Mrs. Sherwood had a brother, too; and they were both Universalists. We used to visit

them often, and talk with them, and pray for them; we used to feel very anxious about them, although they were both nice men—there was no fault in them. But finally on conversing with them we found they were becoming infidels, and finally they became confirmed infidels. And I believe they all will finally become infidels, atheists or deists.

M.—I do not believe that any person who seriously believes the doctrine, and fully enters into its enjoyments, and is faithful to it, can ever become an infidel.

S.—I believe they *can*, for we have an instance here before us!

M.—I thank you, sir, for your good opinion; but desire you to understand that I do not consider myself an "infidel, atheist or deist."

S.—If you are not now, you soon will be.

M.—When I become one, I can call and let you know, sir.

S.—But I may be dead and in my grave.

M.—Then, sir, you will not care to know it. But I have embraced the doctrine of Universalism, believing in, and loving God, because he first loved me, and I am daily led to rejoice in the consolation and comfort which this love affords; and I can truly say, that since I have been old enough to know what religion was, I have not enjoyed such peace of mind as since I have embraced Universalism; and I believe it will ever comfort me, and all who are so fortunate as to embrace it.

H.—I am happy to see that you appear to have a devotion and love for God, and have so many very good ideas of the Scriptures; and I hope you will continue faithful in your duty to God. If you believe in Universalism, it is your privilege to enjoy it. But I can not help but fear that you are in a great error.

S.—I do not really think she enjoys herself so much in her religious views, as she pretends.

M.—You are at perfect liberty to think so, but that does not alter the fact.

S.—You seem to have become very wise in the short time you have embraced the doctrine!

M.—What wisdom I have, I am thankful to God for, and I pray daily to my Heavenly Father that I may become more wise.

H.—I am of opinion that you will soon cease to pray, and become careless and neglectful of your duty; or else you will return again to your old belief.

M.—With the assistance of my Heavenly Father, I do not think I shall ever forget him, while I have lips to praise his holy name. My religion comforts me, and I am therefore happy. And I believe I shall ever remain in my present belief, firm and steadfast.

H.—Speaking of the joy and peace which your present belief affords you, reminds me of an incident in my own life, and which I should probably never have thought of again. It occurred when I was a student. I was nearly worn out with fatigue through my studies and concluded to make a visit home. On reaching it, I found my father and mother both sick. I, also, was taken down, and remained quite sick for a week or more. When I began to recover, I commenced reading the 4th chapter of Romans, and there I thought I saw the doctrine of Universalism. I read the 5th chapter, and then I thought I saw it still plainer; and I continued on reading, through the whole epistle, and rose from it convinced that Universalism was the truth of the Bible. I was the happiest person in existence. I went out of doors, and all nature was changed; everything seemed to speak of joy and happiness; and I thought to myself what a happy result it will be when mankind are raised from the dead, pure, holy and happy! It was the happiest hour of my life! But I finally concluded it was the vain delusion of the devil!

M.—That, sir, was your true conversion from darkness to light.

H.—Well, I believe the controversy is now ended. You seem determined to continue in your present belief, and we shall have to proceed according to the rules and regulations of the church.

M.—If you still consider me a member, I am willing you should proceed as soon as you see fit.

H.—(On rising to leave,) I hope you will not think we are the only denomination who oppose Universalism in this way; but that all denominations do the same.

M.—Mr. Hunter, there's where you lack charity. We have ever been persecuted, since the Savior came upon earth to preach his gospel. But the time is not far distant, when we shall cease to be persecuted, for the whole world is embracing the doctrine as fast as time can roll it on!

The visitors hereupon withdrew. Mrs. Mettler finding that they considered her new faith a heresy, and might excommunicate her on that ground, but hoping still to obtain a letter of dismissal, through which she might join any other church, presented her views in the following letter.

To the Pastor, Brothers and Sisters, of the North Congregational Church, Bridgeport, Ct.:

Having received a visit from your Pastor and deacon Sherwood, I was informed by them that I was still considered as a member of your church, and under its care and protection, and they had called to see why I had absented myself from public worship with them. I informed them that I did not agree with them in their belief, but that I had embraced the doctrine of Universalism, believing it to be the gospel, also the true doctrine of the Bible. I was then informed that the church considered it as a pernicious error, and that they should have to abide by the rules and regulations of the church, which I suppose will be to excommunicate me for what they term heresy. But before being dismissed by you, as an heretic, I wish to express to you my firm belief, and also to appeal to your own hearts and consciences to answer me, whether the doctrine I have embraced is so strongly tainted with heresy as you may have imagined. I

have embraced the doctrine of Universalism because my Bible, my conscience, and all nature declare it to be true. I disbelieve your doctrine because I believe it to be erroneous, unscriptural and inconsistent, both with revelation and with the character of God. I believe Him to be, as he is declared, the Savior of all men, and the Redeemer of this lost and ruined world. I believe he is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works; and he also sends his rain upon the just and the unjust. And if he is an unchangeable being he will ever remain the same good and merciful being. And I believe that he, according to his purpose, will finally bring all men in humble subjection unto him; and I am daily led to rejoice that he has so far made known unto us the mystery of his will, that in the dispensation of the fullness of times, he will gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and on earth, even in him. Therefore to gather all in Christ, is to make them new creatures, to save them from sin and render them pure, holy and happy. I believe that he is an impartial God, and to manifest his love for us, he sent his only Son into the world; and that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Yes, God loved us while we were yet sinners, and, as a manifestation of his love, he sent his Son to die that all might live.

Oh! how different is the love of God from that of erring man. Man loves a part, and is good unto a part, but God loves all and is the Father of all, and is good unto all, and will save all. He has freely given up his only begotten and well beloved Son to die for our justification, so that being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him; for if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled we shall be saved by his life. And we may most truly exclaim, oh! the depths of the riches, and goodness, and love of God; thanks be to him for the exceeding riches of his grace and his kindness toward us, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

You believe me to be in error because I believe him to be the Savior of my poor fellow beings as well as myself. Such is my firm hope in God, and the assurance I have in him that I can look forward to that blessed state of immortality where all shall be freed from sin, sorrow and trouble. And with St. Paul, I have a firm hope in God, that there shall be a resurrection of the just and the unjust. Believing, as I do, in the attributes, that all Christians and his holy word ascribe to Him, it is impossible for me to believe in any other result of the divine government, than the universal bliss, joy and happiness of the whole human family.

If the views which I have here set forth are considered heresy, and inconsistent with the character of God, and his revelation, then it will perhaps be thought just by you to expel me as a heretic. But blessed be the hope and consolation, that we have a wise, just and merciful Father to rule over us, who will not judge us unrighteously. And if I am condemned and persecuted by those whom I consider my brothers and sisters, it will hurt me not in the eyes of Him who is ever mindful and watchful over us. When you pray, remember to say "Our Father!" I still love you all as christian friends; and if we can not be united in sentiment while in this mortal existence, I can most firmly look forward to that blessed state of immortality where we shall all unite in one hymn of praise to God the Father of all!

I remain yours, in the fraternal bonds of the Gospel,

SEMANTHA METTLER.

After considerable discussion the letter was refused a reading, and shortly after, Mrs. Mettler received the following citation to appear before the church.

BRIDGEPORT, July 1, 1844.

MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER: *Madam*—You are hereby requested to appear before the Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Hun-

ter, 14th of July instant, at the close of public worship, P. M., in the meeting house of said church, to answer to the charge of absence from public worship and the communion of said church, all of which are contrary to covenant obligations, and require our immediate investigation. By order of the church,

SAMUEL BEACH, *Clerk.*

The proceedings of the church are given as they were dictated from memory, by Mrs. Mettler, and afterward published in the *Christian Messenger :*

I appeared there at the appointed time, and was very politely asked to take a seat, by Deacon Sterling. After a goodly number of members had assembled and taken their seats, Mr. Hunter the Moderator, arose and said, "As Mrs. Mettler has appeared, we will now proceed to trial." Mr. Backus was then appointed clerk *pro tem.*

Deacon Sterling arose and called for the reading of the citation. Deacon Sherwood said he believed that they had no copy of it there, and it made no difference. Deacon Sterling insisted that it made a very great difference. *He* wanted to know what she was cited there for. She might be cited under a great many charges, for all he knew; and for one, he wanted to know what they were. Deacon Sherwood said he had given the Clerk instructions what to write and it was all correct. But Deacon Sterling still insisted that it was not all right, because he wanted to know what Mrs. Mettler was cited there for, and it was of very great importance to him. Turning to me he asked if I had the citation with me. I replied in the affirmative. He then observed to the rest, perhaps I would let them take it; but Mr. Hunter arose and said it made no very great difference whether they had a copy or not, as they well knew what they had instructed the clerk to write; and it was for non-attendance on public worship with them, and that Mr. Sterling was out of order in

urging it to be read. They now desired to know whether I was guilty of that charge, to which I answered yes. Deacon Sterling said it was my privilege to have counsel if I chose; and they voted me counsel, but I declined it.

I was then asked my reasons for absenting myself from their public worship. I replied that I had once given my reasons to Mr. Hunter and Deacon Sherwood, and since then had written a letter, requesting Mr. Hunter to read it before the church and congregation, that they might know what my views were, before dismissing me as a heretic; and as the letter had not been read, it was my request that it should be read now, for the satisfaction of those present.

Mr. Hunter said they had examined my letter, and that they could not, nor did not wish to excommunicate me as a heretic, for that was not the charge.

Deacon Sterling also observed that the charge was simply absenting myself from public worship with them, and he saw no cause for excommunication; there was no charge brought against my character, and I had committed no crime against the church, but had simply followed the dictates of my own conscience which was the privilege of all in this free country. And, continued Deacon S., I thank God that it is so; I see no reason why she should not simply be dismissed from the church, honorably, if she does not wish to be considered a member of it any longer.

Mr. Hunter then asked if I wished to be considered a member any longer. I told him I did not; but as I had committed no crime, and as my character, according to their representation was unimpeachable, they ought to give me a letter of dismissal from the church. This, said Mr. H., could not be granted, for if they gave a letter, it must be accompanied with a recommendation, and that they could not do, because they did not consider themselves in fellowship with the denomination of Universalists.

Deacon Sherwood said he had just been reading over the old rule and understood it perfectly well—to excommunicate the old way, and he should go for that, and there was no use of saying so much about it, for that was just the way to do it, for I had embraced the Universal faith.

Deacon Sterling observed that St. Paul tells us without charity we are nothing, and he should not vote for excommunication, for he did not like the term, but would simply erase my name from the church record—that is, withdraw our watch and care over her as a church member.

Deacon Sherwood thought that Deacon Sterling seemed to express a great deal of charity and a great deal more love for me than he had ever done before.

Deacon Sherwood thought it was right to excommunicate. In days of yore, when he was a boy, they used to excommunicate, and did not think of using any other term, but now-a-days it is not thought quite nice enough to excommunicate, but they must employ the term " withdraw their watch and care."

Deacon Sterling moved that they give a Letter of Dismissal, which was seconded by one of the members, which immediately threw every thing into controversy and discord.

Mr. Keppin got up and said there seemed to be a great deal of unnecessary time spent in this matter. I had committed one of the greatest crimes against the church, that I could commit, and if it was one of his children, he would think it just and right to excommunicate it. He should not hesitate to declare that I had committed one of the grossest crimes by embracing the doctrine of Universalism ; as also in not living up to the rules of the church covenant. It was high time, said he, that the church took these things in hand, for I entered into full church covenant before God and man, and now had violated that obligation. And further, said Mr. K., by their fruits ye shall know them. It is one of the greatest trials this church has

ever been called to witness, and he thought it no more than just and right to excommunicate me.

Daniel Sterling arose, and said he wished only to detain them a few moments to express his opinion in the matter; said he was an old man, and had traveled and seen a good deal of the world, and Mr. Kippen had just said, "by their fruits ye shall know them." He thought this all wrong, for he had been in Universalist churches in Boston, and Catholics, and all kinds, and found among them all, as good Christians as will any where be found; and for us to stand here, said he, and think that we are so much better than they, is all wrong, for we are indebted for our religion to the Catholics, which the Moderator well knows; and for us to talk about withdrawing our watch and care from any one is absurd. We must not do it. You might just as well talk about your son, if he did not obey you, or think as you did, that you must not look after him any more. It is perfectly ridiculous for us to talk so. If we see a man down in the street, drunk, it is our first duty to help him up, and watch over him, instead of withdrawing our watch and care from him. We are no better than we should be. We must try and do better, and do right; that is the way. As for the term Excommunicate, he should not vote for it. He never had, nor never would.

Mr. Kippen replied that it was the duty of the church to watch over their members, but I had violated the covenant with the church, and the proper course was to excommunicate.

I arose and remarked, that I had been in the place since my return, nearly three years, and during that time had not received a visit from any of the deacons, nor the pastor until recently.

Deacon Sterling said he, for one, plead guilty to the charge—he had not done his duty.

Legrand Sterling followed, and said he could not see any reason why I should not go out of the same door I came in at.

Deacon Sterling remarked that when a minister was installed there

was a great time over it—oftentimes a great feast was prepared. But on a discharge for misconduct, we scarcely ever heard of it. He could not see why the rule should not work as well with a church member, as a minister, and for his part he should insist that my name should simply be erased from the church record, and he should never vote for excommunication, as he had stated before.

Deacon Sherwood jumped up again apparently in a great rage—Sir, here is Capt. Daniel Sterling, he has a son who is a disobedient, unruly fellow, and he feels in his own mind determined to get rid of him, and turn him out of his house; that he will no longer take care of him or watch over him. It does not matter which way he goes out, whether out of the front door, or back door, or window, he must go out some way or other; and that is just the case with the culprit before us, (myself,) she has gone contrary to the rules of the church, and she has got to leave it.

Deacon Sterling replied, that they had no power to turn me out, for I had already turned myself out; and he, as a neighbor, thought much of my husband and myself, and ever should; and also as brothers and sisters, for we have all one Father, and were all aiming for one home, which home he hoped I should obtain, in the faith I had embraced.

Mr. Sellick was astonished that there was so much ignorance manifested upon the terms they should employ in my case. As for the friendship of neighbors, that should ever be sustained, and the helping hand should ever be reached out; and for his part he felt much for the beloved sister now before them, and he had often prayed and wept with an aching heart, that I might be brought back to the fold again. When I entered into the church, he said, I entered into its full obligation, and was to abide by its rules, and to sustain its creed; and I once believed that those that believe shall be saved, and those that believe not shall be damned. I now denied that doctrine, and they in accordance with their covenant obligations to me had called

me before them to perform their duty with me, and it was just and right that I should be excommunicated according to the rules of the church.

Mr. Hunter then arose and called them to order, and stated that I was not cited before them to answer to any particular doctrine I had embraced, but that I was arraigned before them for violating the covenant obligations, and they must proceed with their business or they would not get through by night.

I arose and said there seemed to be a great contention concerning the term which they should employ in my case, but it mattered not to me which term they employed. Some smart young man, back by the door, bellowed out—"Excommunicate her!" They put the question, and I was excommunicated by a vote of four or five, but it was not stated for what.

I was then desired to withdraw, as they had some further business to bring up. On rising to go, they were about asking some further questions, when Mr. Mettler said, "I believe, sir, you have no further claim on my wife, as you have just finished voting, and excommunicated her."

After Mr. Mettler and myself had left, they arraigned Capt. Sterling, and also Deacon Sterling, for trial, because of their liberality in advocating my cause, as I learned from Capt. Sterling a short time afterward.

I shall ever feel under great obligations to Deacon Sterling, as also Capt. Daniel Sterling, for their gentlemanly conduct towards me, and the liberality with which they defended the great and impartial goodness of our Heavenly Father. SEMANTHA METTLER.

I have inserted the papers entire, that they may be preserved as a matter of history; for will it be credible a few years hence, that the Christian Church, as a body, are now but just beginning to emerge from such gross darkness? I trust not.

This trial affected Mrs. Mettler's mother to such a degree that she not only left the Church, but renounced its principles; though she would never acknowledge it was for that cause.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSION FORESHADOWED.

Some time in the month of August or September following, Mrs. Mettler attended a pic nic of the Universalist Society, and from over exertion, or some other cause, on her return she became quite ill. She sent for Dr. Lyon, who came, accompanied by Mr. Davis. After examining the patient Mr. Davis announced the fact that she was possessed of very remarkable clairvoyant powers for the discernment and cure of disease, saying in the same connection, that it would require a great length of time to magnetize her. He also said that there were other faculties to be developed by magnetism, which would be of great benefit to the world. Here was a prophecy that moved at once all the great springs of her character; and to this hope of usefulness she surrendered herself, with all the ardor and determination which had hitherto distinguished her, but which were now to have their severest trial.

Long and painful was the process; yet she was sustained by the bare possibility of achieving good, for no less a term than three years—during which she must have been magnetized at least five hundred times! What wonderful faith and

perseverance. Only think of it! What a sublime determination to achieve the unwilling victory! Think of all the difficulties she must have had to encounter—the spirit of the times, when very few persons would countenance any faith in magnetic clairvoyance, even if they accepted the minor phenomena—the many and bitter disappointments continually repeated—the inability to defend her own positions by one encouraging fact—the objection of friends—the cavil of neighbors and acquaintances—the scorn of brethren and sisters in the church—and, through all these, the heart-sickness which must often have nearly overcome her. In this light her determination becomes one of the most wonderful phenomena, ever wrought out by human Will and Conscience, in their closest and most powerful conjunction. The Seven Labors of Hercules shrink into insignificance, compared with this One great work of Love, in the purity, beauty, and strength of its most subtile essence.

Nor is this all mere empty speculation; for it is sustained by the most startling facts. In addition to the alienation of friends, and the loss of her former social influence and position, Mrs. Mettler could only look forward to the disheartening prospect of almost hopeless poverty, which was too truly shadowed forth in the bitter sufferings of the present. When we look at the mother surrounded by her five children, whose very hunger she could not always have the means of appeasing, and see her devoting herself so determinedly to a remote, and at best, uncertain good, her resolution becomes in itself truly miraculous; and we can only believe that she was continually inspired, and sustained, by a super-sensuous Spirit, Will, and Power.

Toward the latter part of the year 1845 Mr. Mettler's busi-

ness began to suffer very seriously. Many were so conscientious that they could not trade with a Universalist ; and this spirit finally ruined it. Once more he became unable to pay his creditors, as he desired ; and he was driven to means of extricating himself, which were to his wife a great source of trouble. By his solicitation several friends came forward, and endorsed for him. As yet he has been unable to discharge all these debts ; yet he does not seek to invalidate them ; and he is looking forward to the time when they may all be honestly paid.

After leaving this business, in the Spring of 1846, Mr. Mettler was once more destitute of employment and as the landlords knew his situation, it was with extreme difficulty that they could obtain a tenement to live in ; but after a long and anxious search they had the good fortune to obtain a humble dwelling on Water-street. Soon after, Mr. Mettler obtained the situation of clerk in a foundry with a salary of four hundred dollars to support a wife and five children. But by a rigid economy, aided by what little Mrs. Mettler herself could do, they got through the year with tolerable comfort. It should be here remembered that with all her cares, anxieties, and troubles, Mrs. Mettler attended strictly to the process of unfolding her powers, being magnetized daily, though still without any apparent progress.

The house on Water-street was so very miserable that they could not have endured to live there in very cold weather ; and after having remained there three months, they once more removed to a house on Main-street. And here were to be unfolded the most severe trials.

At the end of six months after the last remove, Mr. Mettler was again thrown out of business, his employer having obtained a man to do for three hundred a year, the work for which he had received four hundred.

The landlord was not only a penurious man but exceedingly small and mean in all his dealings ; and when Mr. Mettler was deprived of business, he warned them out—not because he had not received his pay, but because he was afraid he should not for the future be so fortunate. But the warning came too late ; and finally, with a very ill grace, he consented to let them remain another year. This was the darkest period of Mrs. Mettler's life. The winter of 1846 and 7 opened on this desolate and long-suffering family, without business, hope of business, or any resources whatever ; and they would not have been able to live at all, had not the Fraternity of Odd Fellows, to which Mr. Mettler belonged, given him employment as a watcher, and nurse for the sick. He watched whenever he could find employment of that kind—sometimes for one dollar—at others a dollar and twenty-five cents a night. Mrs. Mettler also turned herself to various kinds of work ; and with her five little children to take care of, took in washing, and whatever other work she might find to do. But in spite of all the exertions that could be made, they sometimes were so reduced as to be without even a crust of bread, or a coal. One morning which Mrs. Mettler remembers well, she divided what little bread she had in shares, reserving none for herself. Mr. Mettler, who did not know this, had taken his, and gone out, and the children also had eaten their pittance, and gone to school. Go now, in idea, if you can, to that poor famished

mother, as she sat with her little babe, alone, shivering and hungry! What must have been her reflections for the present —her prospect for the future! What agonizing thoughts! what bitter feelings must have oppressed her! what sad comparisons between the days of free and happy girlhood, or the first bright and hopeful years of her early married life, and the terrible truth of the present! What hights—what depths—what a wide expansion of unmitigated darkness. Thus she brooded over her misfortunes in the cold silence,

> "Until it seemed
> That there was less of utter misery
> In the wide world, than in her single heart."

But they who walk thus the thorny paths of poverty, sometimes are permitted to gather the sweetest blossoms of that rare human charity, whose essence is universal love. Beautiful is the sympathy—wonderful the generosity—which the poor often manifest toward each other! Such an instance was found in the coal-man, who, when Priest and Levite passed by on the other side, although this poor family were nearly perishing with cold, purchased a small quantity of coal on his own responsibility, and thus preserved them from suffering, until other sources of relief were opened.

In the month of May of this year, Mrs. Mettler received a letter from one of her brothers, urging her to separate from her husband, and promising to provide for herself and her little girls. It is almost unnecessary to say, that so true and loving a heart rejected the proposition, with a strong will to suffer with, and for her dear companion, but never voluntarily to sep-

arate herself from him. Volumes of agonizing thought, feeling, and absolute physical suffering, could be wrought out of the trials of that one year ; but the seeds that were sown in darkness are now unfolding their rich fruits of beauty and love ; and how much fairer is her spirit for having known them.

CHAPTER XII.

CLAIRVOYANCE DEVELOPED.

At the end of the year, or in the Spring of 1848, Mr. Mettler was again warned out ; but he could not find a house until some time in June ; and then he removed to a very comfortable dwelling in Division-street. The next week after, a note was received from one of Mrs. Mettler's brothors, saying that Mr. Mettler's old employer had a place for him in New-York.

He remained in this clerkship nearly a year, and was looking forward to a still more lucrative position, when he met with an accident which, for the time, frustrated all his hopes ; though it brought forward the exciting cause of Mrs. Mettler's final development.

When about to visit home, on coming to the steamer, a plank being put out for him to get on board, he stepped on the corner of it, fell, and split his ankle bone, which laid him up for three months. Mrs. Mettler was expecting him, and had been all the morning very happy, making preparations for his return. Judge of her feelings when she saw her husband

brought into the yard, and knew that some dreadful accident had befallen him!

At this time, again, the family must have suffered, had it not been for the kindness of his employer, who, by the contribution of friends, made out a considerable sum, which was kindly presented, and applied to his relief.

But with all this trouble flowed in an unexpected blessing. Mr. Henry Gordon, a since quite celebrated clairvoyant practitioner, was called in to attend Mr. Mettler; and while in the abnormal state Mrs. Mettler asked him if there were any means of inducing a deeper sleep than she had yet been able to attain. He immediately replied, "Yes; and I can do it."

This declaration was rather startling; for although in the early part of the time Mrs. Mettler had followed up the magnetism with a great deal of faith and perseverance; yet after trying so long, without making any apparent progress, she had become discouraged. For a considerable period immediately preceding this, she had not made any efforts to become what she must still have had a fixed presentiment of yet being. Joyfully, then, she submitted herself to the spiritual direction of Mr. Gordon.

As he spoke he took her hand; and in the space of a few minutes, affected her more than she had been in the whole three years.

Mr. Gordon's visit continued for three weeks; and each time when he had finished with her husband, he would magnetize Mrs. Mettler, being himself in the magnetic state. She soon began to see what her magnetizer saw; but the external

senses not being entirely closed, she was partially conscious of what was going on around her.

When Mr. Gordon left her, he gave directions for the magnetizing process to be continued ; and, as Mr. Mettler's health would not then permit him to take charge of her, he appointed Mr. Mallory, of Bridgeport, as his successor ; who, kindly accepting the appointment, visited her daily for that purpose. After Mr. Mallory had magnetized her about three times, a friend of the family, Mr. Harvey Haight, whom she had not seen for a number of months, came in, Dr. Lyon being present.

Mrs. Mettler, being in the magnetic state, was immediately attracted to the condition of Mr. Haight, who was then suffering very much from a distress in the back, caused by a difficulty of the kidneys. This she described so accurately as to astonish every one present. After this she would describe, daily, the various conditions of persons about her, and among them that of her magnetizer. In fact, any person who came in for amusement, was pretty sure to have a revelation of his ailments, whether he sought for it, or not.

By another remove she began examining her neighbors' complaints ; and in this way she was attracted to a Mr. Middlebrooks, who was sick at the time. She gave a very particular description of his disease, and prescribed remedies. Soon after she began giving the names of herbs and plants of which she knew nothing. From this she went to prescribing and compounding remedies, though, in the normal state, she had not the most distant idea of the ingredients or proportions of any medicinal compound ; and she was but a miserable nurse.

She had but little faith in her own prescriptions, and laughed

at the idea of people's following them. But there were many who had so much faith that they took her medicines, and found them very beneficial. This induced them to recommend her to others.

She was greatly troubled about adopting this new treatment of disease as a PROFESSION; and at first only consented to make examinations in order to gratify those who came to her. But the work was plainly marked out for her, although at the time she could not perceive it. The quite remarkable cures she made, even in the beginning, soon spread her name abroad; and by that same over-mastering spirit of love, which is the ruling power in her character, she was induced to leave home, and commence visiting the neighboring towns; and in all these ministering visits her success was very good.

CHAPTER XIII.

APPARENT CONVERSION OF MRS. BEERS

MRS. METTLER'S mother had been at first very much opposed to her being magnetized; but in the year 1849, when Mrs. Mettler was being developed, Mrs. Beers was spending the winter with her son in New-York. In the following summer she made a visit of three weeks to Mrs. Mettler; and during that time, being present at several examinations, she became much interested. She knew that the persons examined were perfect strangers to the seeress; and yet she heard them ac-

knowledge the correctness of her statements. During the Winter previous she herself had had a very severe attack of the malady which finally caused her death ; and she was moved to ask for an examination of her case, also. During the Summer she took the medicines ordered, and was much benefitted by them.

In the Autumn she came to make another visit ; but on going home one of her sons having lost a little child, she went to his house to assist in preparing for the funeral. On this occasion she over-exerted herself, and became prostrated again, from which she never recovered. One of her sons, hearing of her illness, and fearing that Mrs. Mettler might be called, gave orders for the old family physician to attend her. Mrs. Mettler, however, visited her often, although she was at that time necessarily away from home a great deal. On these occasions, Mrs. Beers was very much interested in the subjects connected with the specific differences in their religious views, often requesting Mrs. Mettler to give her ideas of death—or rather those of Mr. Davis, on which her own were founded. At one time a sister-in-law of Mrs. Mettler's came in weeping. She had been to the grave of her little child, lately buried. She said she loved to go to his grave, it was such a comfort. It seemed as if she could see him there.

"Why, my dear child," said the elder Mrs. Beers, "I could get no comfort by visiting the grave. He is not there. His spirit has flown to its resting-place in the bosom of God. That is what makes death appear to me beautiful."

After a few minutes she added : "I long for the time to come ; for I feel that it is but passing into a higher and more beautiful condition."

Through these and similar remarks, Mrs. Mettler perceived a remarkable change in her mother's views and feelings. The only thing in the great transition which she seemed to dread, was a long and lingering struggle. Her continued prayer that it might not be protracted, was mercifully granted. On the morning of her death, she had risen, and dressed as usual. Soon after this she sat down in her chair, and passed away without a groan.

About three weeks previous to her death, having become dissatisfied with her physician's treatment, she had desired Mrs. Mettler to examine her and administer something that would merely soothe her sufferings ; for she well knew she could not recover. Mrs Mettler, knowing her brother's and sisters' feelings, hesitated for some time ; but finally consented—the result of which was that the patient was made able to sit up, walk about the room, and read sometimes.

The last week previous to her death Mrs. Mettler was called away to Stamford. Before leaving she spent nearly the whole day with her mother. She had been reading several pages in the *Life of Christ ;* and when she spoke of it she remarked that it seemed as if she had never seen his character so beautifully portrayed as at that time. They conversed together much on the subject of death, which seemed to interest her more than all other things ; and Mrs. Mettler then more clearly perceived that her spirit had acquired a much higher degree of freedom than had ever before been exhibited. She had always been possessed of a true Christian feeling, though it was cramped by the superstition, bigotry and errors of the church to which she belonged.

When Mrs. Mettler left her that morning, she was very strong in her desire that she might return soon, observing in the same connection, that she as well as herself knew that her time must be near at hand.

On taking leave Mrs. Mettler desired her brother's family to send for her if there should be any change. This idea was received with derision, and was repeated to the Doctor, with the remark, that if she was clairvoyant, she might see for herself; and that he should not trouble himself to send for her; a kind resolution which, as we shall presently see, he actually put in practice.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOST CRUEL BLOW.

Mrs. Mettler was detained longer in Stamford than she had anticipated. The day before leaving she was impressed with a melancholy presentiment of some unpleasant news. Her mind was continually recurring to her mother; and she wished very much to return that night, but could not, because of the examination she was engaged to make in the afternoon. She could not rest through the night; and she was strongly impressed that her mother desired to see her. But in the abnormal state it was all dark around her mother. She could see nothing of her. This, doubtless, was mercifully ordered, that she might

be able to do the good works that lay immediately before her, which otherwise she could not have accomplished.

In the morning, before it was time for the early train, which she was expected to take, two persons came who strongly urged her to wait until the next day, as they wished to have another patient examined ; and this she most reluctantly complied with.

They took the two o'clock train, and had ridden about half the distance from Stamford to Bridgeport, Mrs. Mettler still remaining in a very melancholy mood, thinking of her mother, when suddenly the thought came into her mind, as if some one had spoken to her ; " You do not know but your brothers are in the cars !"

She turned her head instantly, and saw one of her brothers, who had just come from a lower part of the car to speak to her ; and as she looked up, he was tapping Mr. Mettler on the shoulder. He appeared very grave, asked where his sister had been ; and the instant that she informed him, the truth came to her mind, that he was on his way to attend their mother's funeral. Under all these cruel circumstances did she receive the sad intelligence, her brother saying very coolly, " Did you know Mother is dead ?"

He appeared somewhat surprised that they had not informed her of the event ; but made no comments. He stood a moment, then went back to the seat where his brother was sitting, little knowing the anguish of his neglected and ill-used sister, who in that desolate moment stood entirely alone ; for her loss was doubly painful from the reflection, that she was so entirely severed from all her family, that even as a common

mourner she could find no sympathy with them—and that her mother was taken away, at the very time when she had just begun to enjoy her society and conversation.

The two brothers remained in their seat until they had arrived in Bridgeport, when the elder came forward, spoke to Mrs. Mettler in a commonplace kind of way, and coolly asked if she was going to Mother's. On being answered in the affirmative, the two brothers went on some distance ahead, leaving Mrs. Mettler and her husband to follow alone.

On the way they met one of the sisters, who was more friendly. She said that her mother had expressed a great desire to see Semantha, but that none of them saw her departure.

Mrs. Mettler passed into the house and stood beside the venerated Form. There she felt the comforting influences of the Spirit; and she was relieved of the feeling of loneliness which had before oppressed her. Mrs. Mettler stood there with her brothers and sisters, for the space of half an hour, and not a single word was exchanged between them.

Soon after Mrs. Mettler went home to make preparations for the funeral the next day. She was afterward informed that her mother had wished much through the whole day before her departure to see Semantha, though she said she could not understand why it was. She also, in her late conversations, had often spoken of her sons, wishing them to investigate, saying they would not be so bitter if they could understand what they condemned.

They bore their mother's body to the grave in Fairfield, a distance of four miles; and on their return Mrs. Mettler bade

adieu to her brothers from New-York, as they would return early in the morning ; and she went home, feeling that though she was an outcast from the external bonds of family relationship, the interior blessing of communion with the dear Spirit was hers, alone ; for they could make no monopoly of that.

The next evening Mrs. Mettler, thinking her sister-in-law, with whom her mother had of late resided, would be lonely, went to pass the evening with her, when, of course, they conversed much of the departed. On her rising to leave, her sister-in-law handed her a letter purporting to come from her brother H., though she thinks it was the joint production of the three, the two brothers and the sister-in-law, as it partook of the character and feeling which had been manifested by them all. The writer demanded that she should renounce her profession and her principles, declaring that if she would not do so, he should never again be able to call her what he wished to—a sister. In short, the letter seemed to be written in that cold, cruel, heartless spirit of dogmatism, which can have no affection—no sense of respect but for some grand embodyment of physical force—such as the Incarnation of Supreme Cruelty on whose bloody altars is sacrificed every thing that is tender and truthful in nature ; and they, too, were coldly immolating, in that austere and unnatural worship, the heart of an innocent and loving sister !

Is not this the same spirit which, of old sent young maidens to be devoured by unknown monsters—which, in modern times has lighted the fires, and refined the tortures of the Inquisition—hung Baptists and Quakers—which still binds the Hindoo widow to the burning stake, and sacrifices young chil-

dren, or crushes thousands beneath the car of Juggernaut? They are all one—the outgrowth of a rank heathenism; and if any of them appear in a christian land they gather no defense from their position, but only seem the blacker—the more deformed. If our intense compassion for all these benighted ones could only carry light with it, they would surely soon be brought to see—to believe—to know, and be happy in their new light, knowledge, faith, and liberty.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW POWER DEVELOPED.

By advice of her friend, S. B. Brittan, Mrs. Mettler was induced to visit several places where he was lecturing on Psychology. During this tour she examined many patients in Sandy Hook and Southington, Connecticut, and in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Her fame soon reached Cabottville, a small village in the neighborhood of Springfield; and there was first developed her power of HEALING BY THE HAND. In the month of January, 1851, she was called to visit Miss Mary Mosman, a young lady, daughter of Deacon Silas Mosman of Cabottville.

The details of this wonderful case can best be given in the words of Mr. Mosman himself.

"CABOTTVILLE, Jan. 9, 1850.

"Be it known that my daughter, Mary, now twenty-two years old, has, for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and

unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last she lost all power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eyesight, becoming entirely blind, with no power to even raise her eyelids. All possible means have been used for her relief. She has been attended by twelve or thirteen different physicians, some of them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about the same condition, changing only for the worse; and was finally told that she could never be any better.

"By this time we had almost despaired of obtaining any relief. But through a kind Providence, we noticed a letter in one of the Springfield papers respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. Mettler, the *claire-voyante*, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately applied to her, and after several attempts we were fortunate in getting her to make us a visit. On the evening of the above date she called, made a clairvoyant examination of Mary's case, and prescribed for her. The next day Mrs. M. called again; and by manipulations quieted her a good deal.

"On the next Wednesday she called a third time to see her; and in about half an hour, with NOTHING BUT HER OWN HANDS, she succeeded, to the joy of all, in opening her eyes, and RESTORING HER SIGHT AND SPEECH! The next day Mrs. Mettler called again; and to our astonishment she triumphantly put the case beyond all question, by making my daughter WALK entirely alone, which she had not done for three years.

"Such are the facts in this most remarkable cure. Mary continues to see, talk, and walk; and for all we know she must soon be restored to her former good health."

And perhaps one of the most remarkable features in this case, is, that the good work was done without the least faith on the part of the patient. It may be asked here of what good faith could be in such a matter; and it may be answered,

that some degree of trust is necessary, in order to induce the reposeful, or passive condition, which throws the subject completely under the influence of the operator. It is probable that in this instance indifference, itself, favored the receptive, or passive state.

This wonderful cure produced a great excitement in the vicinity where it occurred, and was spread, more or less, through the public papers of the country.

To give a history of even the most remarkable cures would swell this volume quite too much. I will merely throw in the outline of a few. In February, 1850, Mrs. Mettler was called to see Mrs. Climena Burt, of Chicopee, Mass., who had been afflicted with a Spinal disease and Inflammatory Rheumatism. She had not been able to walk for more than a year and a half; and for seven months she could not lie in bed. During that long period she was confined to a rocking chair, and could not be moved without the most intense pain. Her muscular system had become so powerless that the head would fall back; and she was unable to raise it without help. The joints of her limbs and other parts of the body, were much swollen, and attended by acute pains. One limb was so contracted as to become about four inches shorter than the other. She had several eminent physicians; but the case was declared hopeless.

On the first application of Mrs. Mettler's wonderful power, and in the short space of twenty minutes, the contracted limb was straightened to its full length; and the patient was made to stand on her feet, and walk five times round the room, unassisted by any one. She continued to improve; and the cure became permanent.

Mrs. Sophia Taylor, of Granby, Mass., had been suffering six years from a complete prostration of the nervous system. She had employed several of the most skillful physicians, but gradually grew worse for four years, during most of which time she had been unable to walk, without taking hold of whatever she could reach for support—and then only for a few steps.

After having examined, and prescribed for the patient, Mrs. Mettler quieted her for the night, by making passes ; and in the morning the magnetic treatment was renewed. In *less than half an hour* Mrs. Taylor was able to walk, erect and strong, when she went into another room and took breakfast, sat a long time, and walked round the house. The next day she went up stairs, and came down again, without the least help, which she had not done before throughout her whole sickness. On the third day she went all over the house, then went out, and walked the whole length of the piazza ; and a few days after she rode out to visit her sister, who was also under the treatment of Mrs. Mettler for similar complaints, and whom she had not seen for five years, though only a mile distant.

In April, 1850, Mrs. Mettler was called to visit Mrs. Renaude of Stamford, Ct. This lady had been sick three years, most of which time she had been confined to her bed, and was unable to walk without assistance. During the previous year she had been kept constantly in bed, and was unable to sit erect. She had the most scientific physicians of the various schools, and took a great deal of medicine, without relief. On Mrs. Mettler's first visit the distress of the patient was greatly

mitigated, and she was made to walk alone, with a firm and strong step, from one room to another. The next day, after a renewal of the same treatment, Mrs. Renaude went into the street, and returned without being tired.

Mrs. Rowley, wife of Harmon Rowley, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., had been sick fourteen years, of a general debility. For two years she could not rise from her bed, or walk without assistance. In a very few minutes she was made to rise, and walk across the room without help; and after a few applications of the same power, she could walk, and run briskly.

Mrs. Mary M. Ferry, of Granby Center, Mass., was sick between three and four years, and during the last year had been mostly confined to the bed, and was wholly unable to walk alone. She continued to grow worse; and the case was considered nearly, if not quite hopeless. When Mrs. Mettler first visited her, which was March 7, 1850, she found the patient in bed, scarcely able to move.

After making the clairvoyant examination, and giving the prescription, Mrs. Mettler was restored to the natural state, when she magnetized the patient so powerfully, that she soon had her on her feet. Mrs. Ferry walked through several rooms, returned to her chamber, and after sitting awhile, rose and went out into the dining room, sat at table, ate dinner, and walked to her room again. The patient continued to walk, and to advance generally into a rapid recovery of her former health.

And what, I now ask, would such acts as these once have been called? What could they have been called but miracles? By almost instantaneous results the weak are strengthened, the

lame walk, and the blind see. All these works are exhibited before our own eyes, in open daylight, as substantial realities. But we now understand that these things, marvelous as they appear, involve no suspension of any principle, or operation of Nature. The great law of Equilibrium sustains the Universe. It not only balances the spheres, and sends them to describe, with inconceivable force, and unerring certainty, their several paths amid the trackless depths of ether ; but it spreads out the water—it diffuses light—it inspires the atmosphere ; and while it condenses the solid granite bosom of the mountain, it wings the ethereal perfume, and tinges the delicate petals in the bosom of a rose.

As disease is an interruption of this law, so all true remedial agency must consist in the best means of its restoration. Positive and negative forces, throughout all Nature, continually attract and neutralize each other. When there is a concentration of vital energy to any given part, the disease is *positive ;* when there is a deficiency of vital energy it is negative. The hand of the magnetizer, being negative, on its application to the head of the patient, the brain being in too positive a state, abstracts the excess of vital fluid ; while the general action of the magnetic power has a tendency to equalize and diffuse the vital forces.

All human beings possess more or less of this power : while in a few it is concentrated and exalted. Others become media of superhuman influence ; or, in other words, transmit the healing power of spirits. Such a medium, beyond a doubt, was Jesus ; and such are Mrs. Mettler, John M. Spear, and others of modern times.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO NEW-YORK—PSYCHOMETRY—CURE OF MR. DAVIS.

Mrs. Mettler remained in Springfield, as her central quarters, for about fifteen weeks, during which time she visited many of the neighboring towns, and examined a large number of patients.

Even so early as this she had a great many spiritual warnings and directions, which evinced the never-ceasing watchfulness of guardian care. While in Northampton, being about to visit a patient, she became oppressed with the most boding fears in regard to the case. The night before her intended visit, she dreamed that her mother came to her, and said:

"Do not go there, Semantha! If you do you will fail, and feel very sadly about it." She then told her to go home, and at the same time informed her of a family misfortune that would render such a step advisable, if not necessary.

Mrs. Mettler told her husband of this dream, and expressed an unwillingness to go; but he, thinking it might be the effect of a rather morbid sensitiveness, sought to reassure her, in which he succeeded so far that she consented to go. But on the first attempt to see the patient, her sight failed her, and she could perceive nothing for the space of a few minutes, when her mind was attracted home, by the unhappy circumstance which was then transpiring in her family; and while in the

clairvoyant state she wept, and was greatly grieved. This was her first failure; and if her own true intuitions had been followed, it could not have occurred. A very remarkable feature in the case was this, that on waking her mind was much agitated, although she never carries the impressions of the abnormal into the normal state.

When told of her want of success, it rendered her for a time very unhappy; and in this state she returned to the house of Mr. Wells, of Northampton, where she was stopping. While sitting with a patient there, for the first time in her life, she was thrown into the magnetic state without a magnetizer. As soon as this occurred, she saw the condition of the persons she had tried to get into sympathy with in the morning, and gave a very minute description of all their difficulties—they not being present at the time; and through the medium of friends, their correctness was afterward recognized, and acknowledged.

In May, Mrs. Mettler went to New-York. At this time, among other wonderful cures, was one of a Mrs. Wilkie, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Mettler found her in a state of entire debility, and prostration of the nervous system, in which she had remained without help for several months. I extract the following account of this very remarkable case from the *New-York Tribune*. Some very interesting papers concerning it were also published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Brooklyn, Saturday, July 6, 1850.

Sir—Knowing your praiseworthy liberality in admitting to the columns of your journal whatever you conceive likely to prove interesting, useful, or instructive to your readers, permit me to call your

attention to a letter that appears in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 2d inst. It is a simple statement of facts, addressed by me to a friend in New-York, the morning subsequent to the application of the experiment by Mrs. Mettler of Mental Electricity in the case of my wife, to which means alone I attribute her almost miraculous restoration to health and strength. Should you see fit to take notice of that communication, I would wish to mention, in addition to what is therein stated, and in justice to the excellent lady, (Mrs. Mettler,) through whose instrumentality alone the astonishing result has been brought about, that my wife, Mrs. W., continues now (the 10th day only since Mrs. W. first saw her) not only fairly convalescent, but is recovering strength amazingly fast—is able to walk about the house and take her meals with her family—take short walks out morning and evening; and in short leaving us no reason to doubt but that in a week or two her health and strength will be once more fairly reëstablished and as good as it was previous to the commencement of her sickness, now about eleven months ago.

I would further add, that it is my firm conviction that no one similarly affected as Mrs. W. was by nervous and physical prostration, need dispair of being rapidly restored to health, provided the same means are made use of as were so happily resorted to in her case. It certainly is a most distressing ailment, but one which seems readily to yield to the wonderful, but salutary influence exercised and practiced so successfully by Mrs. Mettler. G. W.

NEW-YORK, June 26, 1850.

MY DEAR H.: Despairing of a successful termination of my wife's ailments by the ordinary mode of practice of the regular physicians, I informed you I was about to try the skill of a lady (a Mrs. Mettler) from Bridgeport, Conn., at present resident of this City, who, I understood, professed to be able to ascertain the nature and cause of disease, and also, in a great many cases, not only to relieve, but

effectually to raise up and cure, patients who have been sick for a great length of time. You are aware that since last August, Mrs. W. has been in a very distressing state of nervous and physical debility. Our medical attendant termed it a case of nervous prostration. She has not been able to see any but the members of our own family, the doctor, and a lady, (our next neighbor) whose frequent and kind attention had rendered her face familiar. I believe it is conceded by all our friends that more skillful medical attendance and advice could not have been obtained, but all seemingly, in her case, to be without any decided effect for the better—not improving in strength or flesh, considerably emaciated, totally unable to raise herself up in bed without help, and only capable of sustaining the fatigue of walking across or round the room once, twice, or, at most, three times a day, by being supported by two persons, one on either side. She had got on so far toward recovery, from being about ten months in a helpless, prostrated condition, and the most distressing feature in her case up to yesterday, perhaps, was the fact, that she was subject to a relapse, to total weakness and inability to bear to be raised up from the veriest trifle. For instance, so extremely weak and tender had her system become, that the slightest jar or unequal movement on the part of the persons supporting her round the room, or raising her from the bed or sofa, was attended with serious consequences, so much so as to throw her back perhaps a fortnight, so as to be unable to support being moved from the bed. Under these circumstances of course she has frequently felt much discouraged and disposed to entertain but faint hope of ultimate recovery.

I had Mrs. Mettler to see her last evening. Mrs. M. was accompanied by her husband. She examined Mrs. W. in a "Clairvoyant" state, that is, she was magnetized by her husband, and while in that state she examined and ascertained the nature of the ailment, gave a full description of the causes of the sickness, and what was necessary to be done to effect a cure, and prescribed what she deemed was

necessary, which was taken down at her dictation. &c. She was anxious, while in this sleeping condition, to give us all the information we desired, and to answer all questions we might put to her in relation to Mrs. W.'s complaint. Before being awoke out of the magnetic sleep, she intimated that in some measure Mrs. W. that evening would be susceptible of being influenced psychologically but that owing to her timidity and nervous agitation, it would be in a much less degree than on her two next visits, but that on the present occasion she should be able to strengthen her considerably, and forthwith restore the power of voice to its natural tone. I should have mentioned that for some six months my wife had been unable to articulate above a whisper, and by great exertion only was she able to make herself heard so as to be understood. Shortly after being awake, Mrs. Mettler desired to be left entirely alone with Mrs. W., in order that Mrs. W.'s attention should not be diverted from being solely concentrated on herself (Mrs. M.) In about twenty minutes she called me to come and see my wife, and sure enough, there, in the middle of the floor, she stood erect, expressing, *in a loud and natural voice*, her fears that she would fall. Mrs. M. told her to walk toward her, which she did with ease, evidently charmed and delighted at her novel situation. She repeated her walk three or four times across the room, entirely by herself, seated herself, by Mrs. M 's directions, in an arm-chair by herself, put her hands on the arms of the chair, and raised herself out of it, and walked across the room to Mrs. M., all the time talking in a delighted way, in quite a loud voice. She then walked into her room and lay down in bed, without any assistance—for the first time since she was taken sick, ten months since. Of course, the children and servants, that is, the whole household, looked on it as nothing less than a miracle. Her power of voice and limb were suddenly restored, in the most agreeable way, and as if by magic. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more absurd than for medical men and others to affect to sneer at Mrs. Mettler's art. Facts

are stubborn things. Here is the case of my wife, who has been ten months in the hands of the regular medical practitioners, and not unlikely, under the same course of treatment, to continue many months more, suddenly raised from her bed of weakness and suffering, and *made to walk and speak!* Yours, truly, G. W.

In this same month, May, 1850, was first developed the psychometrical power, or the faculty of delineating character by a piece of the writing of any person being applied to the forehead. But Mrs. Mettler did not, at the time, attach any importance to the gift and very few persons knew that she was in possession of it, until nearly two years after.

In the month of September following, A. J. Davis, being ill, Mrs. Mettler went to attend him. Her kindness in visiting him, and her signal success in the cure, called for the following tribute from the patient, which was published in the *Spirit Messenger:*

ACHIEVEMENTS OF HUMAN MAGNETISM.

BRETHREN: The spirit moves me to write you this morning, and to give you, and the many friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, an account of my recent illness. And here let me express my gratitude for the many exhibitions of fraternal Love which my late condition excited in the bosoms of the friends of truth and harmony.

The question has been often asked—"How could *you* have been so ill?" And I have noticed with considerable interest the various speculations which the question has developed. My illness was occasioned by a Typhoid fever—the concentration of all fever diseases. And among all the theories as to the origin of such a fever in my organism, I have noticed but one which approach any where near the real causes of the physical disturbance in question. In truth, friends, it is impossible for me to ever have *any other* fever, except for a few

days, while my spiritual or mental exercises continue so excessive and exalted.

Previous to my illness, for six weeks, I was constantly engaged in writing upon the most stupendous subject that ever incited human thought; and my whole mental organization was exercised extremely; for my subject is "God—the Ruler of the Universe." This extreme exercise of the spiritual faculties pressed my entire system into the extreme positive state, which inevitably develops the *fever* that caused my exceeding prostration. Those friends who have familiarized their minds with the Philosophy of disease, as unfolded in "The Great Harmonia," Vol. 1, will readily understand the causes and nature of my illness. But enough of this.

My principal object in writing is to relate the wonders of my restoration. In the early stages of my fever, I was daily visited by an allopathic physician of acknowledged skill and ability; but, as my complaint became more positive, his faith in my ultimate restoration to health subsided, and it was generally believed, by those who witnessed my condition, that I should soon become a permanent resident in the Spirit-Land. But Mrs. Mettler, of Bridgeport, Conn., hearing, through a notice in the *Messenger*, of my condition, came immediately to Cambridge, where I was temporarily residing. My case was submitted to her inspection, and her diagnosis of the symptoms was exceedingly accurate. Out of several millions of medicines which exist in the world, her discriminating perceptions selected, for my case, two simple vegetable remedies. Of these a tea was made and administered according to her directions. Through the agency of this simple tea, the applicability of which to my complaint the wisdom of a clairvoyant only could discover, my fever was subsided.

Now I put this down to the credit of clairvoyance; for the *Typhoid Fever* is the most obstinate of all *positive* disturbances; and, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, it is known as a fever which exhausts itself or the patient—one or the other must die.

But clairvoyance accomplishes in a few hours what the medical science of modern days classes among the impossibilities.

Combined with the tea, in the removal of this fever, was human magnetism, sometimes called psychology. I can never forget the morning when the following miracle was wrought upon me. The physician who had seen me but two days previous, gave it as his opinion that I should be obliged to remain in bed six weeks, and abstain from food twenty days longer. I had already sunk so low in physical strength that I could not turn in bed, nor assist myself with my hands. And my food and medicine, for nearly three weeks, with but few exceptions, had been confined to Congress Water, which I drank freely. Such was my condition when Mrs. Mettler, in accordance with her interior directions while in the clairvoyant state, came to my bedside, and, taking my hand in her own, and gazing a few moments steadily in my eyes, said—"*Now you can raise up in your bed.*" The requisite strength and confidence to do so flowed throughout my system in an instant; and I forthwith raised up with ease. Now she made *passes* down my spine, and over my entire body, and bade me walk from my bed to a chair, which had been prepared for the purpose, about four yards from the bed I was occupying. This I did with astonishing ease; and I rested in my chair that day nearly four hours. Thus I substantially *took up my bed and walked.*

Every morning, about the same hour, I was magnetized (or psychologized) by the lady whose name and fame you have frequently heard of; and in ten days I could drive out and enjoy the sunlight and air. But here let me acknowledge the careful nursing which I received at the hands of Mr. Mettler, to whose prompt attention and fraternal watchfulness I owe much of the health I so rapidly received. And I trust he will always thus coöperate with his companion in her visits to, and treatment of, the sick and distressed.

The harmonizing and tranquilizing influence of this illness upon my body and mind was deep and thorough. I am more healthy now

than I have been for years. My entire system has experienced a species of regeneration or purification; and my mind is vastly more free to explore the infinite ramifications of those great and lofty subjects which will constitute the vital system of my future volumes—The Great Harmonia. While I continue on the earth my life shall be devoted to the work of human happiness and progression; and, brethren, my prayer is that you, and all who see the Truth as it is in Nature and God, may lovingly and zealously coöperate in the full and complete accomplishment of the same ends.

Yours, in the bonds of affection,

ANDREW J. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

PSYCHOMETRICAL READINGS.

NOT long after this, or in the month of October, Mrs. Mettler went to visit her friends and patients in Springfield and its vicinity. Taking Cabottville in her way, she there received an application from a young man; and the cure of his very difficult case is thus established on the strength of his own testimony.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

This is to certify that I have been suffering from an extreme weakness of the lungs and chest; a great shortness of breath, produced from what one physician termed an adhesion of the lungs, though others were not able to determine what the real difficulty was. Although under medical skill and treatment, my difficulties seemed to

increase; my case continued to grow alarming, as I had already been suffering for over two years, and unable to do scarcely any thing, nor get any relief.

At this stage of my difficulties, I had made up my mind that there was no help for me. This was the opinion also of the physicians. I then made up my mind to try the last of all remedies, that of Clairvoyance and Psychology.

Accordingly I embarked for Cabottville, to the residence of Captain Strong, where Mrs. Mettler was then temporarily residing. Without the least faith, I ventured to have her in her Clairvoyant state, explore my then hopeless condition, which she did with the most perfect accuracy, pointing out facts almost impossible to believe without a previous knowledge of them. To me it was truly astonishing, and too miraculous almost to believe. She then gave me a prescription, after she was brought out of her superior state. She soon succeeded in affecting me Psychologically, and in a few moments caused me to breathe almost as free as any one. My lungs felt strong and easy—hope revived. I then commenced taking her prescriptions, and following her directions. Soon after I commenced her treatment, I took the worst and most prostrating cold that man could ever be afflicted with, yet under her treatment, with the cold upon my lungs, felt better and stronger than before, though all the neighbors thought it impossible for me to live.

But here I am, in less than four months, under her treatment, *restored*. I am now able to do any kind of work, and can walk as far in a day as any other person

I know of a great many in this and other neighborhoods that have been under Mrs. Mettler's treatment—cases that seemed to baffle all ordinary skill by the regular physicians, have been restored by this lady's wonderful and mysterious power.

The result in my case gives me unbounded confidence in her Clairvoyant powers, and I most cheerfully recommend the sick to give her

a trial, particularly when her system of operation is perfectly safe and free from risk.

N. B.—This testimony is given of my own free will, unsolicited on her part. I give it as a duty I owe Mrs. Mettler, as well as the public. M. S. Pease.

Granby, Mass., Oct., 1850.

It will readily be seen by these instances, that not only is Mrs. Mettler the medium of an astonishing power, but she is possessed of a clairvoyance truly wonderful. In the period of three years she has examined between two and three thousand persons ; and when we consider that the most of these were the worst cases—such as had no hope from any other system—her success appears incredible.

She is equally happy in describing cases at a distance—getting into sympathy with the patient by a lock of hair—as hundreds of testimonials might be brought forward to show.

These wonderful cures, among many other expressions of astonishment and gratitude called forth the following, which appeared in the *Spirit Messenger* of October, 1851.

THE MIRACLES OF THE PRESENT.

It will appear evident to every observing individual that there are wonders unfolded in the present age, fully equal, it would seem, to those which were regarded in ancient times as the operations of supernatural power. These wonders which call forth so many expressions of astonishment, should be subjected to the closest intellectual scrutiny. We may read with lingering reverence of the miracles of the olden time ; we may see in imagination the man of Nazareth relieving the sufferings of humanity—healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, and causing the lame to walk, but when we discover these things as present and living realities—when, by the

operation of the same laws, we see similar miracles performed before our eyes, it is proper, while we gaze with wonder at the effects produced, to investigate such phenomena in a philosophical spirit, and obtain a more expanded perception of the principles operating in Nature. It is important that the public mind should be impressed with the fact, that the mysterious developments which are being made in the science of mind, do not involve any suspension or violation of the laws of the Universe, but rather result from the natural and inevitable operation of those laws, which, though now imperfectly understood, are established in the very constitution of things. How much better will it be, therefore, to patiently investigate the principles of nature, by which all visible effects are produced, than to arrogantly assume a knowledge of all these principles, and then to judge facts by this imperfect standard.

The foregoing reflections have been induced by witnessing the manifestations of clairvoyance in connection with medical treatment, as presented in the case of Mrs. Mettler, of Bridgeport, Conn., who is now spending a short time in this place. The success of this lady in the examination and treatment of disease, is truly remarkable. It would seem, from the many cures performed through her agency, that she has been endowed with a portion of that divine virtue and the gift of that healing power which was manifested by the acient apostles. Persons suffering with the most aggravated and dangerous diseases, have been in a brief space of time entirely relieved by her treatment, and the multitude who have been placed under her care, will testify to the correctness of her examinations, and the wonderful effects of her therapeutic practice. The world may little realize the blessings which one such instrument is enabled to bestow, but the consciousness of having aided in the relief of human suffering, and the approbation of the good angels that smile on every benevolent effort, will be a richer reward than the fleeting wealth of earth.

R. P. A.

But from all these triumphs there was ever one drawback. The relatives of Mrs. Mettler were universally opposed to the course she had taken, in being developed as a clairvoyant subject, and especially to her adopting the healing of the sick by spiritual means as a profession. They consider her avocation as not only *unchristian*, but also, what is probably worse in their opinion, as *unpopular* and UNGENTEEL. And though her loving heart would, for a long time, cling to them with the utmost tenacity, yet she has found herself cut off from most of her own family. Only two brothers and one sister will now visit her at all, while three brothers and one sister have cast her off entirely. But with these trials, bitter and severe as they were in passing, Mrs. Mettler gained one signal advantage. All barriers to future progress were effectually removed.

The power of psychometrizing, to which allusion has already been made, is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful of all those phenomena which have yet been given us to illustrate the philosophy of electrical or spiritual sympathy. It seems to be, in fact, a condition of pure sympathy. The mind of the Reader, for the time being, enters into, and takes possession of, the mind and character of the subject, and is affected by all the sensations, thoughts, feelings, and desires of the sphere, as if they were inherent in the mind of the observer ; and it is the reflected image which is thus portrayed.

Mrs. Mettler's first efforts of this kind were triumphs ; but not perceiving that much good could be done in this way, she did not consider the possession of this wonderful power was even worth speaking of ; and finally it was brought before the world by a seeming accident.

S. B. Brittan, having inquired of Mrs. Mettler if his wife could be thrown into the superior condition, at a certain time, was asked why he wished to know. Mr. Brittan replied that he wanted to get the character of a person at the West, with whom he had some idea of going into business. Mr. Mettler then told him if that was all he wanted, Mrs. Mettler could read a character in the normal state, by the application of a piece of the person's writing to the forehead. A specimen was produced, and the character read. A subsequent comparison with facts showed that it was remarkably correct. Mr. Brittan was delighted and astonished, he never having heard before that she was in possession of such a faculty.

Mrs. Mettler then commenced reading characters ; and some of her sketches have been published in the *Shekinah*, and other periodicals. We find in them not only a graphic truthfulness in the general scope and mold of character, but the finest lines, and the most delicate shades of individuality, such as would only be noticed by the deeply discriminating eye, and therefore might escape the observation of one's most intimate friends.

The following admirable portrait of a distinguished literary lady which we give below, is borrowed from the *Shekinah*. I can testify to its truth from actual personal knowledge of considerable intimacy, and especially to her wonderful sensibility to the Beautiful, which is at once so intense, delicate, and fine, that it pervades every action, and seems to be diffused through her whole being.

PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCH OF SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

The subject seems to be a lady, with a delicate nervous or mental temperament. She is aspiring, in a good sense, and possesses great

elevation of mind and character. Her extreme sensibility renders it impossible for her to be indifferent to praise or censure. This is a person of fine taste, displayed in all she does; in her language, habits, and whole manner of life. She is kind in her disposition, benevolent and sympathetic, and refined in character and manners.

This is a beautiful spirit, and so intuitive that many bright and truthful impressions will come to her from the Spirit-world. She has an intense love of sublimity and beauty—is fond of paintings and other artistic objects. With this great imaginative power, she could construct a good story. She can write and speak very pointedly—and can say severe things mildly. The most beautiful pictures of the imaginatioL come up before me. She is charmed in her meditations—possesses great originality—and I am sure can write exquisite poetry. She must be brilliant in conversation. Her thoughts are expressed in an easy and graceful style. My mind is clear and my impressions are vivid. Images of beauty surround me and blend with my spirit. I am happy in this sphere.

Nor is the following fine picture of the gifted author of Philothea, which is taken from the *Spirit Messenger*, considered by those who best know her, as less truthful and perfect.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

This person's sphere affects me very agreeably, and indicates quite an intuitive mind. The reflective faculties seem to predominate over the perceptives, for the reason that they have been exercised much more. I should also think that this person has large Ideality, and a most happy way of expressing ideas, both by writing and in conversation.

This person possesses large Benevolence, and seems to have a universal charity; would love to see more equality in the condition of men; seems also to possess a good share of Sublimity. This, in con-

nection with Ideality, would help her to form or imagine a beautiful picture in her own mind—I say her, because as I proceed the character appears quite feminine; she possesses a good deal of Veneration. It does not seem a veneration that would lead her into any worship restricted by sectarian forms; but it is a religious sentiment that would teach her to venerate every thing which God has created.

There seems to be a tolerable share of Firmness, and a great deal of Conscientiousness. When she becomes firm, she is as firm as a rock. She has a good share of Causality and Comparison, which would prevent her from receiving any new idea, or science, without a thorough investigation, and comparison with her own original, intuitive idea, or conception of right.

I should think she possesses a great deal of Cautiousness; and hence the fear of mixing up Error with Truth sometimes prevents her progress from being so rapid as it would otherwise be. What she perceives intuitively is correct. She has considerable Combativeness, and might sustain herself well if called into argument. If she possessed a little more Hope, it would relieve her from a dejected or melancholy state, into which the mind seems liable to fall. Concentrativeness being large, when engaged in reading, thought, or conversation, or interested in subjects pertaining to the progression and elevation of the Human Race, on which her mind particularly loves to dwell, she can not easily be called off; and it is difficult to disengage her attention.

She has some love of Home, and Adhesiveness tolerably fair, though she would like occasionally to roam abroad. She would remember well the locality and surrounding scenery of places, so as to give a very minute account of her journeys. She is fond of children and pets, and would treat them with a great deal of kindness and affection, though she would like to take her own particular time for this devotion. She is fond of the society of gentlemen, but more fond of her own sex; and her friendship would be true and lasting.

I should think this person could best express the true beauty of her ideas in writing; and if her writing takes the form of prose, it would still be highly imaginative and poetical.

She must be somewhat eccentric in her manners, and in many of her habits and ways. In conversation she would be distinguished by individual peculiarity of manner; and having a way of her own, would not care to imitate those of other people. She would be fond of music, and a critical judge of its merits, or demerits. She would love to see order—time and place for every thing; though her mind being a great deal occupied, would depend more upon others to execute or establish order. The derangement of things would seem to worry her much, and especially if her own sanctum was not kept in order. This, upon the whole, seems to be a person who would rather choose a few than many friends, and therefore might be called exclusive; for she does require a particular quality as well as quantity of mind with which to associate.

The Moral and Spiritual power seems to predominate over the sensual or selfish developments in her nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMOVAL TO HARTFORD.

Since the discovery of these powers, Mrs. Mettler has been constantly engaged in ministering to the sick and in psychometrical readings; and though she has alienated her own immediate friends she has formed other friendships, which are, at the least, as valuable.

Some time in the Autumn of 1850, a little son of Mr. Ward Cheney of South Manchester, Connecticut, then in the Spirit-world, having obtained communication through the Fox family, directed his mother, who was suffering from disease, to apply to Mrs. Mettler. She did so, and found relief. Through the influence of this good family, who seem to have become her constant and abiding friends, Mrs. Mettler was induced to change her residence ; and by their assistance she attained her present very desirable situation.

Just after the birth of her last child Mrs. Mettler became very desponding, and fearful of being deceived in regard to her own powers. Up to the fifth week of the child's age, she had not been put to sleep. At this time a friend called with a lock of hair, wishing her to examine a person in Brooklyn. She feared to attempt the case ; but the lady being urgent, she consented to make the effort in the course of three or four days, though she had a feeling of extreme repugnance to ever being magnetized again.

During the following night she dreamed of the patient, examined the case, and prescribed. It had seemed to be a child, although in the normal state she had supposed it to be an adult. In the morning she mentioned this seeming disagreement of the testimony, saying at the same time that she could not comprehend it.

But in the event, the patient proved to be a child ; and when she saw it, she recognized the image which had been presented to her in her dream. Afterward, in a clairvoyant state, she told Mr. Mettler that she had been given to know that this was shown to her, for the purpose of strengthening her faith in

the assurance that spirits are always hovering around, assisting, and protecting her.

Mrs. Mettler continued going from place to place, on her professional visits, until April, 1852, when she removed with her family to Hartford, Connecticut, where her house has become a center, not only to attract the sick and suffering, but also the Enlightened and Progressive. She feels now as if breathing the free air of Heaven; and it seems as if there could be nothing that would effectually prevent her happiness, and progress for the future.

We can see by the following account of a remarkable cure, that Mrs. Mettler has lost nothing of her power. I extract it from the *Hartford Times:*

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

Permit me, through your columns, to present to the public the following facts and the wonderful powers of Clairvoyance, a perfect test of which I have experienced in my own family, through the powers of Mrs. Mettler. The facts are these: My daughter, some three years since, became afflicted with inflammation in her eyes, produced at first, as we suppose, by getting a piece of lime in one of them. This inflammation continued to increase until both eyes became greatly inflamed, depriving her almost entirely of her sight. She then took cold, and this increased the inflammation with renewed distress and sufferings. At this time we called in a physician of known skill; he treated her case for *three months.* At first, under his treatment, there were indications of a little improvement. This, however, was only temporary—for in a few days they became worse again, and I have no doubt had the treatment been continued, she would have lost her eyes entirely. We then called in the second physician, and under his treatment, for some length of time, there

was no perceivable change for the better. We then had about given up the case as hopeless. Still feeling it our duty to try further, we called in the third physician, who, after treating the case some time, left it without any improvement for the better. Our faith, by this time, in the regular faculty, was of course quite exhausted, as well as the hope of her ever becoming any better. During the attendance of these physicians, there was a spot or felon upon the eye, which was continually increasing, and the inflammation became so extreme that it was with great difficulty that she could distinguish one person from another. She could scarcely open her eyelids, and that only in the dark. Of course, now all hope for her restoration was at an end, and thus she remained suffering intensely.

Finally, through the persuasion of a kind friend, as a last resort, we took her to Mrs. Mettler on the 21st of May last. Mrs. Mettler, while in the clairvoyant state, gave a perfect and minute detail of the causes of her complaint, and then prescribed for her; and, to our utter astonishment, after the application of her prescription, less than two weeks, she could see quite well, improving almost as if by magic or miracle; and in less than four weeks she could see to read, and has continued so ever since. Will the Medical Faculty or any other Faculty explain this? After giving up all hope, the physicians exhausting their skill, to have a child so suddenly snatched from hopeless midnight darkness, calls forth my heartfelt gratitude to Mrs. Mettler. May her extraordinary powers continue, as she moves on in her mission, relieving suffering humanity of the most difficult forms of disease. Her system seems perfectly safe and without risk. Almost daily do I hear of some poor sufferer relieved or restored by this lady's powers. She seems to have all the worse cases to attend, after they have passed through the physician's hands. Experimentally, sufferers, as a last resort, call upon her, and with the most astonishing success.

The cry of humbug is a miserable substitute for facts, especially

when facts are daily multiplying in our own city, to say nothing of what is occurring all over the wide world. GEORGE STAPLES.

HARTFORD, Dec. 13, 1852.

In another number of the same paper, we find the following very interesting account of Mrs. Mettler's Psychometrical Readings:

PSYCHOMETRICAL READINGS.

Among the new developments of the age, (and you can not deny, Mr. Editor, that new and startling principles are rapidly developing themselves to the human mind,) is that of Psychometrical Reading. I have given much attention to it, and am fully satisfied that there is a true principle connected with it; but it appears as yet remarkably subtile, and as delicate, though as far-reaching, as thought itself. I will state the method of reading psychometrically. It is very simple. An individual writes a letter, a name or the alphabet merely, will answer the purpose. This is inclosed in a wrapper, but no mark must be made by any other person, either upon the letter or wrapper. This enveloped and sealed paper is carried to the psychometer, who places it upon her forehead, (I say "her," because it is a lady who has read in this way in my presence,) and, after remaining silent a few moments, she commences a sort of phrenological exposition of the character of the writer. She knows nothing of the person—has not the slightest indication whether it is a good or bad man, or whether he whose writing she is about to press upon her forehead, is talented or weak-minded; and still this lady has not, to my knowledge, failed in any instance to give the leading characteristics of those who are thus examined by her, and I know personally of five cases, and have heard of twenty or thirty others from responsible persons. The lady who reads psychometrically in this city is Mrs. Mettler; her family reside at No. 8 College-street, and she is a very worthy lady. She

can not explain the power which she possesses, and merely gives the ideas as they are vividly impressed upon her mind while the letter is held upon her forehead.

A few days since, I carried to her an envelop of a letter, the direction of which was written by Lord Brougham of England, so conspicuous for his oratory and high order of talents. Mrs. Mettler had not the remotest idea as to the name or position of the individual she was about to describe, as the writing was sealed closely in an envelop, and she was merely requested to read the character. She remarked as follows, all the time holding the envelop upon her forehead :

"This is a person of strong and powerful intellect, and is marked for his positive character. He perceives quickly, and expresses his ideas freely, indeed, copiously. He possesses much refinement of thought ; is not confined to self, but has much universal feeling and benevolence of heart. He can not be a sectarian. He reasons much, and reason is a guiding principle with him. He entertains no principle save that which appeals to *his* idea of right. He receives nothing without a reason. He has much firmness and self-command. But an appeal to his sympathies would affect him. He possesses manly deportment, is pleasing in his conversation, is often inclined to *deep* meditation. He would enjoy domestic comforts, though I should think circumstances have deprived him of this. He sighs at times for retirement, where he may enjoy every thing in a simple manner, acting out his true nature. Children are very pleasing to him ; he likes them for their innocence. He is pleased with an intelligent lady, likes her for her goodness, is ardent in his friendships, and can not be easily turned against one whom he considers his friend. Order and punctuality are large with him. Music hath many charms for him, and a plaintive kind would affect him to tears. He has a good idea of color, is a good judge of a picture, has a good memory of past events. He enjoys a good joke or pun. He can be or is an Orator, *and a marked character.* He has very, very *great*

gifts of Oratory—very great. His intellectual and moral faculties predominate."

Here the leading characteristics are truly told, and the gentleman from whom I obtained Lord Brougham's writing informs me that he knows the allusion to his extreme love of music to be true; and we should judge that he sighs for retirement sometimes, for he has a country residence in France, where he goes evidently to get away from the cares of public life.

I gave her three more autographs, closely sealed, but did not intimate in the least as to the character of either of the writers. The first was by Lord Ashburton, the second by D'Israeli, both prominent men in England and the world. I would give you the complete description she made of each, but have already made this too lengthy. I will remark, however, that so accurate was the description, that the gentleman who favored me with the autographs at once recognized each character by reading the three—"this is Lord Brougham," "this is Ashburton, and this, D'Israeli," said he, "and there are remarkable points in each."

The other letter was written by a convict in our State Prison, on Thanksgiving day, and was directed to his mother. At once she remarked, "the sphere of this writer is unpleasant; he has a double character; that is, he has much secretiveness, and is not just what he appears to be; he has conscientiousness, but can not control it; he loves to read poetry, can write poetry tolerably well, and dwells a great deal upon home and scenes of his childhood—indeed, more than upon any other subject; he has a great love for order, is odd in his expressions, but his general character is not pleasant."

I had not read the letter, but had liberty to do so. In it was a request that his mother would send him a volume of poems, and some worsted shirts of a certain color; then followed four well-written stanzas on the "home of his childhood." The letter was written with an extraordinary regard for order—every comma, period, semi-colon,

dash, apostrophe, and hyphen, was in its place, and some of his ideas were oddly enough expressed. He is in imprisonment for the crime of burglary and attempt to kill.

The wrappers, inclosing the writings of the three Englishmen, were all precisely alike, and as they had got mixed, I did not myself know one from the other as she was reading them, but marked them when she had concluded the reading of each. She is not in the Clairvoyant state when she reads psychometrically, and this renders the whole thing more astonishing. Let those who take any interest in this matter test it to their own satisfaction.

A CITIZEN OF HARTFORD.

The reading of the convict's character was, perhaps, a more wonderful delineation than either of the others, because it revealed powers, capabilities, and tastes, one would not be looking for in such a subject, and which could not be generally known. Of coruse she had no preconceived idea of any difference in position between her subjects ; but this fact shows that the mind in such cases goes down into the depths, entirely below the ken of ordinary acquaintances.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

DURING the last year Mrs. Mettler has had many interesting spiritual exercises and impressions, which are greatly varied in character. While in a circle she never knows what will be done with her. At some times she lectures, then again she dances,

while at other times she acts dramatic scenes, and pantomimes. The dancing is very fine, full of an exquisite piquancy and gracefulness—it is, in truth, "the poetry of motion;" and what is very remarkable, she never danced a step in her life in the normal state, and is incapable of achieving the simplest figure.

The spiritual acting of the dramatic scene, in which she is usually assisted by some other persons, is a perfect representation of nature; for it *is* natural, the sentiments being inspired, spoken, and represented by appropriate action, at the same time. Such acting on the stage would carry every thing before it. Some great moral or spiritual truth is made the basis of the drama. As there is no programme of the performances, and therefore the spectators do not know what is coming till it is nearly or quite past, and at the same time the actors, themselves, do not remember any thing of what has happened, when they return to the normal state, these representations seem to go by with a kind of meteoric splendor, which arrests the attention, and thrills the heart for a little while; and then it is extremely difficult to give any thing of a definite idea of what has passed; and even if the scenes and language could be correctly remembered by the observers in their original form and spirit, no merely verbal description could present them to other minds so that they could obtain the faintest notion of the effect produced.

The passage of the soul into another sphere, and its introduction to the scenes of the Spirit-world, is a favorite subject in these delineations; and many of the scenes thus represented are indescribably beautiful. The actors, themselves, are, as it were, transfigured by the spiritual impressions which they

receive ; and thus they rise naturally into a representation of character in the spiritual and angelic spheres. The sequel to the Norwalk tragedy has been produced in this way by Mrs. Mettler and another lady ; and they who saw it say that it was given with such wonderful power, that there was not a dry eye present. The transition of a beautiful spirit, that of a lady who was involved in the catastrophe, was represented and also the introduction of a person of a very gross mind and character into the Spirit-world. The contrast was vivid and affecting in the extreme.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONSECRATION.

On Saturday, January 29, 1853, John M. Spear, of Boston, received a communication purporting to be from the spirit of Benjamin Rush, commanding him to go to Hartford, saying at the same time he would find a most important work to do there. At this time he had concluded not to accept an invitation of the Harmonial Brotherhood to spend the next day, (Saturday,) with them. But obedient to the heavenly dictation, he set off immediately ; and by half past eight arrived in Hartford. He was hardly seated, however, at the hospitable fire-side of the friend who had written him, when he received a distinct impression to visit the house of J. R. Mettler. Following this impression, while at the house of Mr. Mettler he passed into

the superior condition ; and soon after addressed Mrs. Mettler as follows :

" How fondly, how constantly, how widely, is this one beloved ! How beautiful is the influence which this woman exerts ! Wherever she is she attracts. In this particular she possesses a most remarkable character. Her friends know no bounds to their affections to this one ; and there is nothing which they would leave undone to gratify her. There passes from this woman a very marked influence. It is not precisely the religious influence ; it is not precisely the moral ; it is not precisely the practical ; but it is, so to speak, a *compost* of all ; and these are charmingly intermingled—imparting a most adhesive influence. * * *

" This medium has been commissioned to wisely instruct this woman, for a high purpose. There is to open before this woman a new and beautiful labor. At 10 o'clock to-morrow the purpose of his mission to this place will be unfolded. Let this woman be in the region of the Tranquilities at that hour.

At the appointed time Mr. Spear made the following address :

" Father of Fathers, and Deity of Deities, thy wills be done on the earths, as they are done in the Heaven of Heavens.

" This fondly loved one shall be consecrated to the Charities. Thou henceforth shalt be called Charity. That shall be thy denomination.

" Thou shalt say to the sufferer on his couch, arise, and it shall be so ; thou shalt say to the maimed, be thou whole, and it shall be so ; thou shalt say to the blind, open thou thy closed eyes, and this also shall be ; thou shalt say to the dead, arise, and it shall come to pass. Thou shalt pass through the humble vale, over the lofty mountain, over rivers and seas ; and the elements shall be at thy command.

Nought shall disturb thy sweet placidity. No want shalt thou know.

"This open hand shall bless others; and thou shalt thyself be blest. This foot shall go and come. Thou shalt mount up like the bird of loftiest flight, and thou shalt never be wearied. Thou shalt 'go and come, nor ever fear to die, till thou art called home.' Happy shall they be who behold thy sweet countenance. Blessed are they on whom thy hand rests. Receive now this blessed power. [*Here Mrs. M's hand was closed and breathed on*—when it opened it was said:] "This hand shall be unfolded to dispense blessings far and wide. Blessings shall descend upon thee. In blessing others thou, thyself, shalt be blest. Thou shalt go on in thy mysterious way, dispensing blessings. It is done."

Thus closed this remarkable and solemn communication, the Speaker being all the time upon his bended knees.

CHAPTER XXI.

LATER CURES.

The following certificates were, as I believe, presented voluntarily for insertion in this book, by the parties most concerned:

REMARKABLE CURE BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

Bridgeport, April, 1852.

I hereby certify that I had been troubled for several years with ulcerations in my throat, caused at first by slight colds, inducing a

disease which is generally called quinsy. The ulcers became so bad that the physicians were obliged to resort to the lancet, blistering, and steaming, all of which not only failed to afford any permanent relief, but even seemed to increase the difficulty, until at length it became a seated bronchial affection, and continued in a constant state of ulceration for several months, baffling all the skill of the physicians, and almost the last power of endurance in the sufferer. The irritation and cough were very severe; and during the paroxysms, it seemed as if my head would burst with the pressure. At this time I became so reduced, that my friends and neighbors thought I was going into a decline.

Finally, as a last resort, by the desire of my friends, I was persuaded to consult Mrs. Mettler. Unfortunate is it, indeed, for that excellent lady, that she seldom, if ever, has even a tolerably good case presented to her; but she is generally called to administer for the help of old chronic difficulties where the patient's constitution has been killed out with mercury, bleeding, and blistering, and then resurrectionized for further experiment with blue pills. In fact, Mrs. Mettler, for the most part, has but a shadow of hope to work upon; and it would seem that the many hundred cures she has made were almost, and in fact many of them quite, as miraculous as any that were made in the Apostolic age.

In the Spring of 1850 I called upon Mrs. Mettler, who, in the superior condition, examined my case; and for the first time during all my sufferings, were my feelings most perfectly described. She discovered that there was still a little hope for me. My spirits revived. I commenced her treatment, and obtained immediate relief, though it took some time to effect a cure. This delay was protracted by several causes. My disease was very malignant in its character, and of long standing; but the greatest difficulty arose from negligence in following the directions. At one time I was taken with unusual severity, when a physician was sent for; and on examination he

thought it might be the whooping-cough. Knowing myself that this was, in all probability, incorrect, I sent for Mrs. Mettler, who, in her examination, discovered the actual cause—which was that I had taken cold such a night, in a lecture room. I soon obtained relief from her prescription ; and my throat has never ulcerated once since the first application of the remedies proposed by her.

I am now happy in declaring myself in the full enjoyment of physical health, and mental harmony, with the fullest assurance that the supposed weak things of Earth do sometimes confound the wise. May the life of this good woman long be preserved, as her work is an exemplification of the Angels' mission to suffering Humanity.

Yours for truth and harmony,

ELIZA C. LEEDS.

WONDERFUL DISPATCH.

It is well known to my friends and acquaintances generally, that I am subject to a disease which may properly be termed an inflammatory action of the heart. These attacks have been so severe that many times I have longed for that release of the soul, which is commonly termed death. All applications of medical skill have only seemed to aggravate the difficulty ; and for several years past my complaint has bid defiance to all strictly professional means of relief.

After having sunk so low as to be almost beyond the reach of hope, I then called to my aid the powers of clairvoyance. I applied to Mrs. Mettler, whose powers and sympathies are so widely known, and obtained from her the relief I had long despaired of finding. The remedies and directions prescribed by her while in the superior state of clairvoyance, have several times been the means of raising me from the lowest stage of physical and mental suffering.

On the 19th of March last, I had one of these attacks, which threatened to be more severe than any previous one. A telegraphic dispatch was immediately forwarded to Mrs. Mettler, requesting that

an examination and prescription might be made out, and, if possible, returned immediately. After having sent the dispatch, fearing that I should get no return till Monday, as it was then Saturday night, a physician was called in, who belonged to the old school practice. He pronounced my case to be of a very critical nature, as there was great danger of a congestion of the heart. He left a prescription, which, however, I did not take, for I had in the mean time received an answer from Mrs. Mettler.

As I have been subsequently informed, Mr. Mettler on receiving the dispatch, thought it would be impossible to look at the case before Monday, as Mrs. Mettler was quite exhausted from a long sitting that day. While they were thus conversing, Mrs. Mettler was thrown into the superior condition by spirits, examined the case, made out a prescription, and requested her husband to send it immediately. In less than half an hour after Mrs. Mettler received the message, I had the result of her impressions before me.

A more wonderful event than this, perhaps, is not found recorded in the annals of medicine. The prescription was soon applied, and the relief from my intense sufferings appeared truly miraculous; even as the dispatch and the examination itself.

The singular accuracy with which Mrs Mettler described my case was truly remarkable, even mentioning a cold which had hastened the attack. Finally, I say that those who are willing to lay aside their prejudices and ignorance, may find relief from their sufferings, by applying to Mrs. Mettler, who is truly a most worthy and remarkable woman.

JOSEPH HAIGHT.

BRIDGEPORT, April 2, 1853.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE.

In the month of January last, while on business in New-York, I was taken violently sick. I sent for a physician of acknowledged skill, who, on examination, discovered that the attack was an acute

and dangerous one. It consisted in an almost entire suspension of activity in the right lung, combined with an inflamed state of the liver, and other difficulties.

After having remained under the treatment of the physician for about two weeks, he informed me that he could not cure me. I then resolved to reach home, though at the risk of my life, as I was then told. On arriving home, I called in a physician, and requested him to blister me, and give blue pills, which, however, did not seem adapted to my case. It was then thought by different persons who called to see me, that I could not live; while some even supposed I could not continue forty-eight hours.

I then dispatched a messenger for Mrs. Mettler. She could not leave, to come and examine my case, but sent me a little prescription, which I took for a day or two, until she could come in person, and examine me. On the following Sunday, February 13th, she came, and made the examination. While in her exalted condition of clairvoyance, she saw my case in a very discouraging point of view. She first described the state I had been in before the attack, then the present state of things, which was as follows:

"I perceive that now there is extreme inflammation of the liver and the lower portion of the right lung, with lung and bilious fever."

The respiration was extremely short so that it was impossible to pronounce a whole sentence, without a constant catching in attempting to speak. What little mucus I raised was considerably streaked with blood; and there seemed no chance for my recovery. The eyes were much sunken, and I looked as though death had commenced its work.

After the examination, Mrs. Mettler, still in the clairvoyant state, began making manipulations over the chest and side; and in less than half an hour, with nothing but the power of her own hands, she succeeded in relieving me so much, that the inflammation was quite subdued, and respiration much freer, so that I could draw in quite a long breath.

After this she gave me a prescription, which I followed; and in a few days I was able to go down stairs. I continued to improve, so that in a few weeks I could use my lungs quite freely, by speaking in public.

Thus it is. That which is too often called humbug proves to be the good Samaritan, in relieving human suffering—and often, too, in such cases as are classed among impossibilities.

This good lady's powers are felt far and wide; and my strong desire is that Heaven's blessings may continue to flow down through her, to relieve the sick and distressed, wherever her benign ministry may be permitted to reach. Thine in the Truth,

HARTFORD, April, 1853. CHARLES SHEPARD.

POWER OF CLAIRVOYANCE OVER PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

I hereby certify that my little boy met with a very serious accident in the month of June, 1851. His clothes took fire by a lighted match, and before we could get to him he was most severely burned on his face, arms, and sides. We had two physicians in attendance; and every possible means of relief was resorted to, but without much effects, though after the physicians commenced treating his case he seemed better for a little while. He, soon, however, began to grow worse. The arm was much contracted, and quite stiff; and by this time the physicians had begun to despair of his ever being any better. The case had become one of long standing; and his sufferings were approaching a fearful crisis. I was very anxious; for so far were we from being able to cure him, that we could not even heal the deep and malignant sores, of which he had suffered so long and terribly.

So he remained until the month of October, when I was persuaded by some of my neighbors to apply to Mrs. Mettler. I accordingly took him to Bridgeport, when Mrs. Mettler without the least knowl-

edge of the circumstances before the examination, gave a most perfect description of his case even to the first cause of his sufferings. She then gave a prescription, and we persevered with her directions, as she gave them from time to time, with most happy results. Directly after we commenced this treatment, the little patient began improving quite rapidly. In a few months he was perfectly restored; and the contraction in the arm relaxed, so that he can now use it nearly or quite as well as before.

We are grateful to Mrs. Mettler for her kindness in restoring our little boy; for we know that she has been the instrument of saving his life. Should some poor sufferer be prompted to obtain relief by reading this, then I have not given it in vain.

In sympathy I remain, yours,

DARIEN, Ct., May, 1852. WILLIAM DIBBLE.

The bare facts in the foregoing cases are so truly wonderful that comment seems unnecessary. We have every reason to believe that Mrs. Mettler has not yet reached the maximum of her spiritual power. While she lives she must progress; and we may confidently look forward to yet more remarkable works.

CHAPTER XXII.

PORTRAIT OF KOSSUTH—CONCLUSION.

As a final illustration of the spiritual gifts of Mrs. Mettler, the reader is presented with the following admirable portrait of Kossuth, as psychometrically delineated:

[Directly after placing the letter to her forehead, she says:] This person must feel exhausted, for I feel so. I feel like sighing, and

oppressed for want of breath, like one fainting from exhaustion. Must I give way to my feelings? Then my hand and arm must rise, and extend themselves. There must be a waving and gesture, of first one hand and then the other, as of one speaking to a crowd. Who is it; and what does it mean? I feel a wonderful nervous action after these exertions.

[The above were passing remarks, before she got fairly into the sphere of the writer. Again she says:] This must be a gentleman possessing the most wonderful gifts of oratory and intelligence, with a most massive brain and intellect. The head at times seems almost ready to burst with the accumulation of ideas.

Intuition is the great governing principle with this individual. The spiritual element predominates in the character. There are no bounds to his calculations—there is no one thing too great for him to undertake. His perceptive powers seem to lead him almost, if not entirely, beyond every other mind, calculating, with almost a certainty, the end from the beginning.

This must be a person whose knowledge is truly astonishing. His mind must be naturally educated, and not governed by books, or the opinions of others. He forms his own conclusions—is extremely firm and fixed in his own opinions, and never seems to waver, or turn from what he conceives to be right.

This person seems to possess unbounded benevolence. He can not rest contented by being blest himself; but his great aim and desire appear to be the redemption of the world. His fellow beings must all partake of the great bounty, and blessings of liberty. So strong is this feeling, that if he had but one morsel, it would be shared with others.

His powers of concentration are truly remarkable. He has also large cautiousness, but no timidity, with very large combativeness, which he would be likely to exercise in defense of Self, Family, and Country.

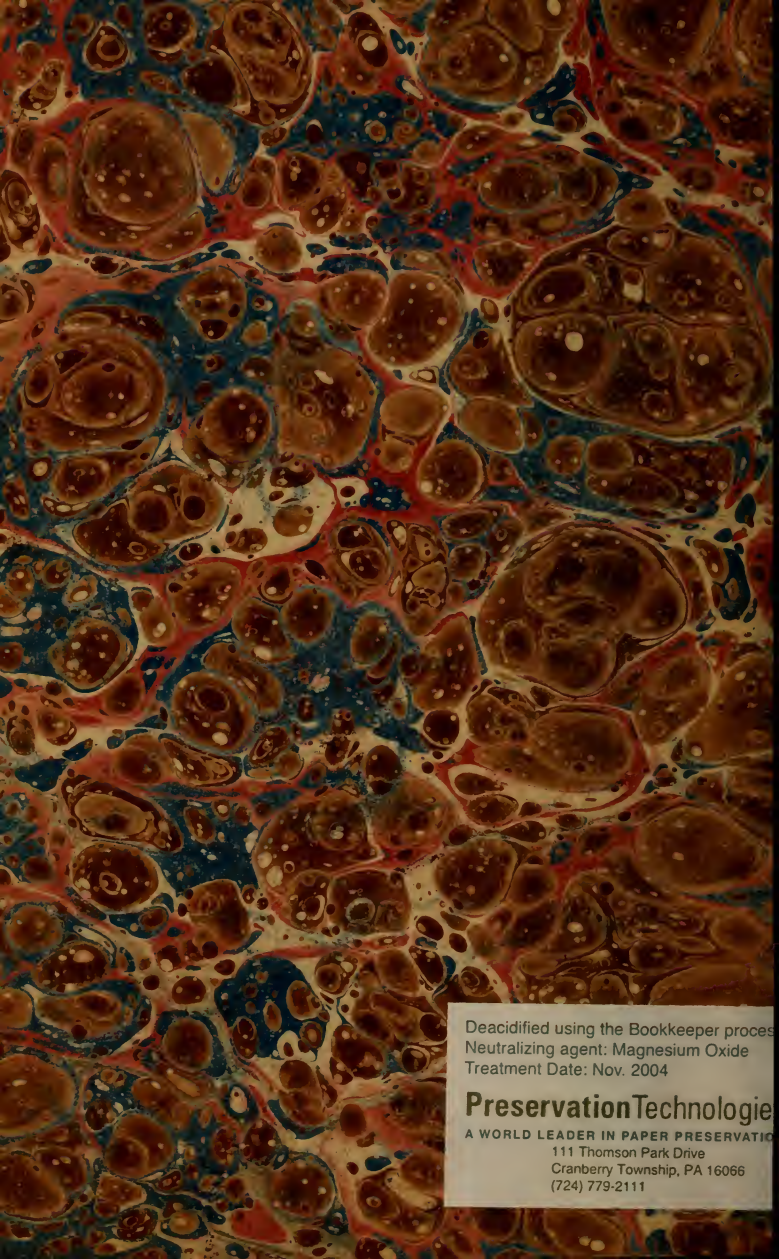
He is one that would win all hearts to himself; and no one could see him, or become acquainted with him in the least, without feeling an attachment which can not be severed. I never came into the sphere of such a mind. I feel at times as though I was almost lifted from the Earth—that I could not be else than spirit, as words flow into my mind in such a manner—with such wonderful rapidity, that the tongue is scarcely able to utter what I feel, and desire to express. I feel at times as though appealing to the sympathies of those around me, and then again such boldness and consciousness of right, that I could face a whole nation—and they would sink into insignificance before the principle for which I contend. I seem to be supported and sustained by a constant influx of spiritual strength, which enables me to speak in such a manner, that not only astonishes myself, but all who hear me.

This *must* be a great Statesman. All the common affairs of life appear to be nothing, compared with the great end which this individual seems to have in view. He can not be bound by either sect or party. He seems determined to throw off all shackles from himself and country. Freedom of thought, speech, and action, is his motto. He is untiring in his exertions, and must be self-forgetful. He appears to be spending his life for a cause most dear to his heart —and that must be Liberty. But by his exertions he is fast exhausting his physical strength; and were he not sustained by spiritual influence, he could not last long. I should never tire in contemplating and sympathizing with this remarkable man; and his sphere is most delightful to me!

CONCLUSION.

In reviewing the whole testimony of her life, we find the character of Mrs. Mettler a very harmonious and beautiful one. Boldness of conception, strength, truthfulness, indomitable per-

severance and will, with a power of endurance perfectly heroic, are softened and etherealized by tenderness, fidelity, patience and conscientiousness, wrought into the most gentle and delicate inspirations of a truly feminine nature. Her mental manifestations are distinguished by a singular fineness of taste and feeling; while overspreading, softening, beautifying all, is a rare and sweet modesty, which, like a transparent vail, enhances the beauty it yet feels itself made to conceal. Indeed, no one could be acquainted with her, without feeling how truly, and wisely, she has been consecrated to the CHARITIES.



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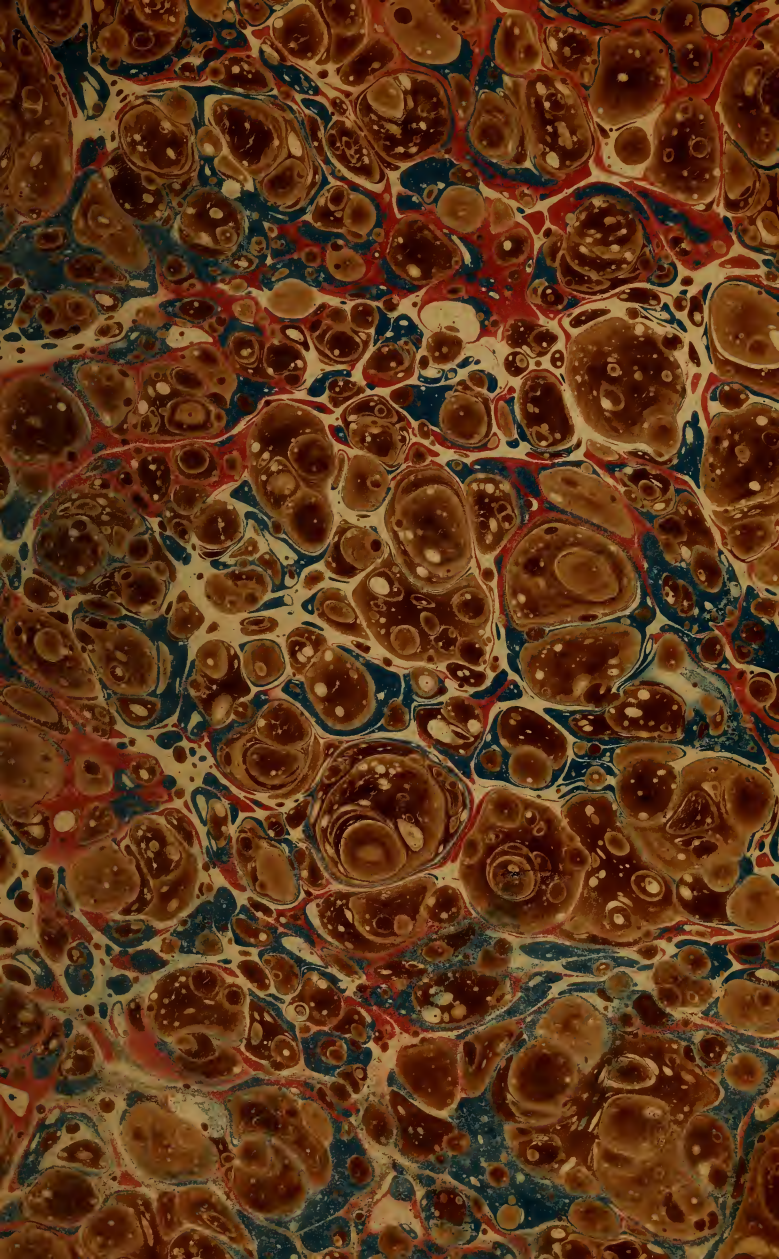

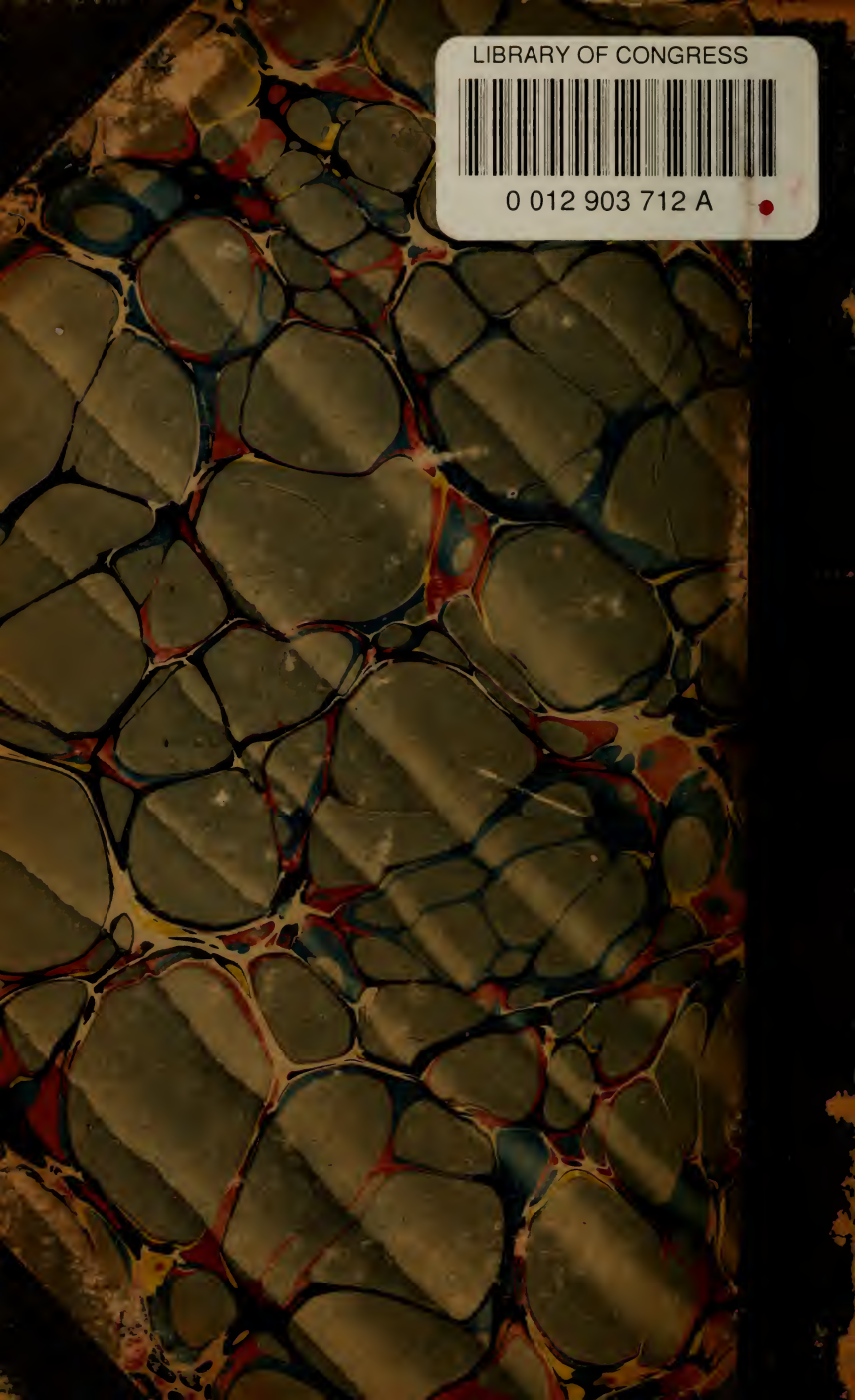
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